

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SIXPENCE.
WITH SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE threatening position of affairs all over Europe naturally recalls attention to the state of the national defences of this country. Every powerful state on the Continent is armed to the teeth; and France, our nearest neighbour, has on foot, ready for immediate service, offensive or defensive, nearly half a million of men. We know of nothing in the sentiments or traditions of the French that should lead the English people to rely with too implicit a confidence on their peaceable intentions towards any of their neighbours, whether strong or weak;—towards England, against whom the grudge of ages, though possibly weakened, is by no means extinct; or towards such neighbours as Belgium, Switzerland, and Prussia, whose territories, or a portion of them, were once considered parts of France. She still avowedly covets these territories, and through the medium of some of her foremost men openly asserts her intention to resume them. While the disposition of no inconsiderable number of the French people is thus menacing, there is nothing in the personal character, or in the public necessities, real or supposed, which may be thought to influence the actions of the unscrupulous and unfeeling tyrant who now wields the supreme power in that unhappy country, to justify us as a nation in placing any reliance either upon his prudence or his honour. If he saw, or thought he saw, that he could strengthen his own position in France by a daring attack upon this country, we may be quite certain that, if our sole defence were in our justice, it would avail us nothing. The man who has been guilty of acts of such astounding despotism as those which we have this week recorded, would not scruple to be guilty even of the wickedness of inventing a pretext for a war of aggrandisement with England, if it suited his purposes best; or with Belgium, Switzerland, Prussia, or Italy, if more were to be gained by it. But the danger does not exist in France alone. The simple truth is, that the whole Continent is one mass of armed tyranny and wrong. Everywhere the most barbarian and barbarous absolutism prevails. Everywhere brute force is the governor of the nations. Everywhere there are multitudinous armies, ready to be let slip by monarchs who have raised, but who scarcely know how to manage them. The personal character of a Sovereign enters but little into the favourable chances for peace, when armies with such aspirations and traditions as those current in France

are considered. Louis Napoleon might be as humane and just as he is now proved to be the reverse, without rendering the position of his army a whit less dangerous to the repose of the world. Under these circumstances we may well ask whether it is safe, or politic, or merciful, or even sane, that Great Britain should remain unarmed and defenceless? The most peaceful member of the Peace Society, who bolts his doors at night lest thieves should break in to rob or murder him, acts more zealously on the defensive than the great and wise English people who have no such scruples against war as he has. What no individual in England would consider himself justified in neglecting in his own private defence, the nation as a whole neglects in the most extraordinary manner. As a nation, we are not by any means prepared to prevent an attack of those robbers and murderers on a large scale who declare unjust wars against their neighbours. This country has so long slumbered in security; has looked back with such fond self-complacency at the history of her past triumphs when all the world was leagued against her; has been accustomed so long to think herself inviolable; has attached such glorious reminiscences to the names of her Nelson and her Wellington; and has had such unbounded confidence that future Nelsons and Wellingtons, and fleets and armies to back them, would spring into existence whenever they were required, that she has gone to sleep on the pillow of her glory, and allowed her neighbours to increase their powers of offence without increasing her own means of offence or defence. For many years she has incurred, without a thought, a risk that she ought never to have run. The public mind, however, is now fairly awakened to the importance of the subject. What the warning voice of the illustrious Wellington failed to accomplish in 1847, has been accomplished in 1852 by the reckless acts of the unscrupulous adventurer who has fixed himself upon the neck of France, like the old man of the sea upon the neck of Sinbad the Sailor. For the first time since the peace of Waterloo, the people of England are fully aware of the fact that Europe is not pacified, and that the great work of the last war may have all to be done over again by the living generation. It is openly conceded that England is not in a fit state of defence. By sea and by land we have been equally remiss; and the emphatic letter of the Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne, which made such a sensation—though, unfor-

tunately, a fruitless one—when it was first published, about five years ago, is still more emphatic and more true at the present time. "You are aware," said the gallant Duke to his correspondent,

That I have for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea.

This discovery immediately exposed all parts of the coast of these islands, which a vessel could approach at all, to be approached at all times of the tide, and in all seasons, by vessels so propelled, from all quarters. *We are, in fact, assailable.*

I have in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different Administrations to this state of things, as well known to our neighbours (rivals in power as well as former adversaries and enemies) as it is to ourselves.

I have above, in a few words, represented the danger. *We have no defence, no hope of defence, but our fleet.*

The whole force employed at home, in Great Britain and Ireland, would not afford a sufficient number of men for the mere defence and occupation, on breaking out of war, of the works constructed for the defence of the dockyards and naval arsenals, without leaving a single man disposable.

As we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence, *we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.*

I am accustomed to the consideration of these questions, and have examined and reconnoitred, over and over again, the whole coast from the North Foreland, by Dover, Folkestone, Beachy Head, Brighton, Arundel, to Selsey Hill near Portsmouth; and I say, that, excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore at any time of the tide, with any wind, and in any weather; and from which such body of infantry so thrown on shore would not find, within the distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country, through the cliffs, practicable for the march of a body of troops.

But the remonstrance from which we have just quoted has not been made in vain. At the close of his brilliant and useful life, the gallant Duke has it again in his power to be of service to his country; and public opinion, which in England is proverbially so slow to be aroused, always does its business thoroughly when once its lazy indifference has been conquered. This point has been at length attained in the matter of the national defences, and the consequences will be, that every department of our naval and military service will be "overhauled," if not re-modelled, and that we shall not only increase the amount of our land and sea forces, if proved to be necessary, but that we shall turn our existing forces to better account than we have hitherto done. In the art of war, as in the art of trade, Englishmen will act upon the principle of getting the most they can for their money. If it turn out that men in red



THE NEW DOCK SOUTHAMPTON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

coats engaged in battle are more likely to be "picked off" than men in blue coats or green ones, we shall abandon the red coat, as military men have suggested. If it be proved that the British soldier is too heavily encumbered on service with arms, baggage, or accoutrements, we shall relieve him of the load. If, on investigation, it be found that our muskets are not capable of the proper execution, or that their construction has not kept pace with the progress of scientific improvement in other countries, we shall discard them, whatever shock we may inflict on the prejudices of men in office, and at whatever present cost to the country. If it be deemed prudent that a militia should be called out, there are energy and patriotism sufficient in the youth of the nation to compose an irresistible force. The point of indifference has been passed. Great Britain will show, though rather late, that she is prepared for all contingencies, and that she is as safe from a sudden surprise as from a deliberate and forewarned attack. She will thus keep all enemies at bay, and preserve herself as inviolable and as invincible as she has ever been. With her free institutions, and the indomitable spirit of her people, she may defy all foes, come whence they will; and, by proving herself ready for war, will do infinitely more towards maintaining peace than by continuing the easy slumber into which her past successes have so unfortunately lulled her.

THE NEW DOCK, SOUTHAMPTON.

We have frequently had occasion to congratulate the inhabitants of Southampton upon the commercial prosperity of their port, attributable to the enterprise and intelligent spirit evinced in the construction of docks and other public works. The illustration upon the preceding page is gratifying evidence of the latest improvement of this class, it having been opened for the reception of vessels during the past month.

We understand that the breadth of the entrance to the inner dock is sufficiently capacious to admit the largest class of sailing ships and screw steamers alike. The excavations for the dock (which occupies an extent of ten acres) were commenced in the latter end of March last, and the whole of the works were executed in the short space of eight months. Quay walls are at present built only on the northern and eastern sides; the southern and western consisting of banks or slopes, which it is contemplated to replace by walls on some future occasion. The south side will merely be used at the present for vessels to lay up for repairs, and not for the discharge of cargoes, and temporary platforms will be erected for the purpose of gaining access to vessels; whilst jetties will be constructed on the western quay for the discharge of coal &c. The length of the wall on the northern side is 804 feet, and on the eastern (including the entrance) 550 feet; giving a total length of quay room on the north of 750 feet, and on the east of 450 feet. The width of the entrance from the open dock into the new enclosed dock is 46 feet; and after passing through the gates, 50 feet. The lowest depth of water in the inner dock, at high water neap tides, will be 21 feet; and at spring tides, 25 feet: so that there will be a great depth of water at all times of the tide. A sluice, 20 inches in diameter, has been inserted in the south bank, to allow of the water in the dock being lowered at any time to meet the height of the tide in the open dock. The entrance is crossed by means of a running bridge, which, upon being opened, disappears beneath a vertebated platform. The bridge has a line of rails, a cart-road, and footways for the public. It is very simple in its construction, and is a new and ingenious invention. An extensive warehouse, 200 feet long and 45 feet wide, with two floors and ample vaults, is being erected on the north side of the inner dock. The tramway connecting the dock premises with the railway is about to be extended to the new dock, and will be laid down so close to the edge of the quay wall as to enable coals to be discharged from the ship's side into the waggon without the additional labour of running them out. 100,000 yards of excavation were removed in the progress of the works, and about 12,000 tons of Swanage and 8000 tons of Portland stone used in the construction of the wall. The whole cost of the New Dock, including the bridge, lock gates, cranes, warehouses, &c., is somewhere about £23,000. The works have been executed under the active superintendence of Alfred Giles, Esq., engineer to the company, and Mr. Robert Grandson, the clerk of the works; to whom much credit is due for the ability and rapidity with which they have been effected. The weekly payment of wages averaged from £400 to £450, a fact which, of itself, shows the great advantages conferred upon the trade of the town by undertakings of this character.

By the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship *Iberia*, arrived at Southampton on Wednesday, we have been favoured with the following intelligence:—

"During the early part of December very severe weather was experienced in Alexandria; gales of wind and very heavy rain continued for sixteen days, almost without intermission. The French steamer *Ostria*, after a long passage from Beyrout, unable to enter the harbour, was obliged to put into Aboukir Bay, where she broke her rudder and barely escaped shipwreck, and had to be towed round to Alexandria. The British screw-steamer *Ann* also encountered very severe weather, and, after a long passage from Beyrout, reached Aboukir, whence she was towed by an Egyptian steamer, owing to some trifling damage to her machinery, which has been since repaired. The Neapolitan war-steamer *Samia* arrived here a few days since with the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who is an invalid and travelling for his health. He started from the Russian Consul's house in Alexandria this morning, escorted by several Egyptian officers in full uniform, to embark on the canal for Cairo. The *Samia* started for Italy about noon to-day, but soon after got aground, owing to the crowd of shipping now in port, and was got off with difficulty some two hours after by the united efforts of her engines and several boats' crews from the Egyptian fleet. It would seem she had not sustained any damage, as she proceeded at once to sea.

"The *Ripon* arrived here from England on the night of the 3d of January, but did not enter the port till daybreak on the 4th. She brought 161 passengers from England and Malta, mostly en route to India, besides the mails, cargo, and a large amount of treasure. She encountered severe weather between England and Gibraltar, and prevailing head-winds the whole way to Egypt. She leaves for England this afternoon with 130 passengers, of whom 59 are first class, from India. The *Oriental* arrived at Suez on the 1st, after a quick passage from Calcutta.

"Except some operations against the mountain tribes of North India, everything was quiet when the mail left.

"A rumour had reached India by the north-east frontier from Tartary, that the Emperor of China was dead; nothing of the kind, however, had been spoken of in Canton when this mail started from China.

"The last accounts from Australia, by way of India, state the gold-digging continues flourishing at Bathurst.

"Some of the engineers employed on the Egyptian Railway have been unwell; however, the levelling for this important work is being actively carried on. The weather at Cairo has been very cold lately. A serious affray occurred, some days since, on the Nile, between some American travellers and a great number of Arabs. Several shots were fired, and three or four Arabs are said to have died of their wounds; one was the servant of one of the American gentlemen. The matter, having been laid before the authorities at Cairo, was found to have originated in some trifling dispute between the Arab servants of the travellers and the neighbouring villagers: some of the latter were punished.

"While great attention is being paid to the comfort of travellers generally through Egypt, the Alexandria Lazaretto for passengers from Syria continues as unhealthy and loathsome as ever."

SHIP COLLISION.—On Tuesday night a serious collision took place near the mouth of the Mersey between the steamship *Clarence* and the ship *Gladiator*, which has produced much injury to property, but, so far as we have been able to learn, with no personal injury. The *Clarence*, recently built by Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, commanded by Captain Wiseman, and now on her first voyage, left Liverpool that morning for Sydney, New South Wales. The weather being thick, the ship *Gladiator*, from Dantzic for Liverpool, ran into the *Clarence*, and carried away her mizenmast and bulwarks. The steamer was so much injured that she had to return to port, where she arrived at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, and went into Birkenhead Dock at high water for repairs. The *Gladiator* was also much injured, and leaking.

CIVILISATION IN "THE FAK WEST."—A gentleman recently arrived at Coloma, from the Plains, gives the editor of the *New* the following account of a private hanging affair that came off on Carson River on the 26th of September, by an impromptu Vigilance Committee:—"John Wilson and Green Hensley, two men belonging to a train of emigrants composed of persons from Michigan and Missouri, had some slight difficulty the day before the train arrived at the Fourteen Mile Desert, which amounted merely to words. Some of the company remarked to Wilson that he had better look out, or Hensley would shoot him. Nothing more was thought of the matter till the night they crossed the desert. While the party were preparing their supper, Wilson lay down and went to sleep, when Hensley approached him, drew his pistol, and deliberately shot him. Wilson lingered till about ten o'clock next day, when he expired. While the company were engaged in interring the remains of their murdered comrade, a party of Californians, returning to the States, came up, and, on having Hensley tried for the murder, returned to the States, came up, and, on having Hensley tried for the murder. Accordingly, a jury was called, the prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the emigrants three. After hearing all the circumstances, the jury found him guilty, and sentenced him to be hung immediately. Preparations having been completed, the sentence was at once carried into effect. Hensley was from Missouri. Wilson, we understand, was from Hillsdale county, Michigan."

Died on the 9th inst., in St. Patrick-square, Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 101 years and 11 months, John Wilson. He was originally a mechanic, and for many years has been supported by the industry of his daughter. Until the last few months he was able to read and occasionally to walk out by himself.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon has at length given to the French nation his new Constitution, which, like the numerous others that have preceded it, is, in the estimation of its author, to be a complete panacea for the evils and distractions which afflict France.

The following is a summary of its principal provisions:—
The President is to preserve his present title; he is responsible before the people, to whom he can always appeal. He commands the land and sea forces. He alone has the initiative of the laws; he has a right to declare the state of siege, save the referring of it to the Senate. He presents one message every year. No accusation can be brought against Ministers but by the Senate. They are only responsible for their respective duties.

The functionaries take the oath of obedience to the Constitution and fidelity to the President.

In case of the death of the President, the Senate calls upon the nation for a new election.

The President has the right, by a secret deed, deposited with the Senate, to designate to the people the citizen whom he recommends to the suffrage, until the election of a new President.

The President of the Senate governs jointly with Ministers.

The number of senators not to exceed one hundred and fifty. It is fixed at eighty for the first year.

The senators are named for life by the President. Their functions are performed gratuitously. However, the President may grant a salary not exceeding thirty thousand francs.

The sitting of the Senate not to be public. It regulates the constitution of colonies and all that has not been provided for by the Constitution. It may propose modifications of the Constitution, but any modification of the bases laid in the proclamation of Dec. 2 will be referred to universal suffrage.

There will be a deputy to the legislative body for every thirty-five thousand electors, elected by universal suffrage for ten years, and receiving no emolument.

All adopted amendments to be sent, without discussion, before the Council of State, and cannot be discussed if not equally adopted by this one.

The sittings will last three months.

Reports of the sittings by newspapers will be confined to the official reports of the proceedings drawn up by the *bureau*. The President and Vice-President are nominated by the President of the Republic for a year.

Ministers cannot be deputies.

Petitions may be addressed to the Senate, but none to the legislative body.

The President of the Republic convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the legislative body.

In case of dissolution, a new one to be convoked within six months.

The Council of State, composed of forty or fifty members, is nominated and presided over by the President, who may revoke its members. They receive an annual salary of 25,000 francs. They draw up the project of laws and discuss them before the Legislature.

There will be a High Court of Justice, without appeal, before which will be tried all attempts against the State or its chief.

The mayors are appointed by the Executive Power.

The promulgation of the Constitution, of which the above form the heads, took place on Thursday. It was preceded by a proclamation, dated Wednesday, explaining the spirit in which it was conceived, the principles on which it was based, and the leading provisions of which it was constituted. This remarkable document throws considerable light on Louis Napoleon's views, motives, and intentions at the present moment with respect to the government of France, and is as follows:—

PROCLAMATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE,

PROMULGATING THE CONSTITUTION OF THE 2D OF DECEMBER, 1851.

FRENCHMEN!—

In my proclamation of the 2d of December, when I loyally explained to you what, according to my ideas, were the vital conditions of government (*pouvoir*) in France, I had not the pretension, so common in these days, of substituting a personal theory for the experience of centuries. On the contrary, I sought in the past the examples that might best be followed, what men had given them, and what benefits had resulted.

I have thought it reasonable (*logique*) to prefer the precepts of genius to the specious doctrines of men of abstract ideas. I have taken as models the political institutions which already, at the commencement of this century, under analogous circumstances, have strengthened tottering society and raised France to a lofty degree of prosperity and grandeur.

I have taken as models those institutions which, instead of vanishing at the first breath of popular agitation, were only overturned by the might of all Europe coalesced against us.

In one word, I said to myself, since France makes progress during the last fifty years, in virtue alone of the administrative, military, judicial, religious, and financial organisation of the Consulate and the Empire, why should not we also adopt the political institutions of that epoch?

Created by the same thought, they must bear the same character of nationality and practical utility.

In effect, as I recalled to mind in my proclamation, it is essential to aver that our present state of society is nought else than France regenerate by the revolution of '89, and organised by the Emperor. Nothing remains of the old régime but great souvenirs and great benefits: all that was organised under it was destroyed by the Revolution; and all that since the Revolution has been organised, and that still exists, has been the work of Napoleon.

We no longer possess provinces, or states, or Parliaments, or intendants, or farmers-general, or various customs, or feudal rights, or privileged classes holding exclusive possession of civil and military employment, or different religious jurisdictions.

To all these things, so incompatible with its spirit, the Revolution applied a thorough reform; but it founded nothing definitive. The First Consul alone re-established unity, hierarchy, and the true principles of government. They are still in vigour.

Thus, the administration of France entrusted to prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, who substitute unity in the place of directing commissions (*the decision of affairs*, on the contrary, being conceded to councils—from that of the commune to that of the department). Thus, the magistracy, rendered firm by the immovability of the judges, and by the hierarchy of the tribunals—Justice rendered more easy by the clear definition of attributions from those of the justice of the peace, up to those of the Court of Cassation—all this is still standing.

In the same manner, our admirable financial system, the Bank of France, the establishment of the budget, the Court of Accounts, the organisation of the police, and our military statutes, date from the above-mentioned epoch.

For the last fifty years it is the Code Napoleon that has adjusted the reciprocal interests of citizens; it is still the concordat that regulates the relations of the State with the Church.

Lastly, the greater portion of the measures which concern the progress of industry, of commerce, of literature, or science, and of the arts, from the statutes of the *Tribunal* Français to those of the Institute of France—from the institution of "Prud'hommes" to the creation of the Legion of Honour—have been fixed by the decrees of that time.

It may then be affirmed that the frame of our social edifice is the work of the Emperor—which has stood firm—resisting his fall and the shocks of three revolutions.

Wherefore, since they have the same origin, should not his political institutions have the same chance of duration?

My own conviction has been formed for a long time, and therefore it was that I submitted to your judgment the principal bases of a Constitution borrowed from that of the year VIII. Approved of by you, they are to become the foundation of our political Constitution.

Let us now examine its spirit.

In our country, for the last eight hundred years, Monarchical—the central—power has always existed by increasing—Royalty destroyed the great vassals, the revolutions themselves caused to disappear the obstacles which opposed the rapid and uniform exercise of authority. In this country of centralisation, public opinion has invariably referred everything, good and evil, to the chief of the Government; so that, to write at the head of the charter that the chief is irresponsible, is to lie (*mentir*) to public feeling. It is to endeavour to establish a fiction which has three times disappeared at the sound of revolution.

The present Constitution, on the contrary, proclaims that the chief whom you have elected is responsible to you. That he has the right of appeal to your

sovereign judgment, in order that in grave (*solennelles*) circumstances you may always be able to continue your confidence in him, or to withdraw it.

Being responsible, his actions must be free and without hindrance. Hence arises the obligation of his having Ministers who may be the honoured and powerful auxiliaries of his thought, but who no longer form a responsible council, composed of jointly responsible members (*membres solidaires*), a daily obstacle to the special influence of the chief of the State, a council the expression of a policy emanating from the Chambers, and for that very reason exposed to frequent changes, which render impossible a continuous policy (*esprit de suite*) or the application of a regular system.

Nevertheless, in proportion to the loftiness of position in which a man is placed, and in proportion to his independence and to the confidence that the people place in him, is his need of enlightened and conscientious council. Hence the creation of a Council of State, for the future the real (*véritable*) Council of the Government, the first wheelwork of our new organisation—a reunion, a practical man elaborating projects of law in special committees, then discussing them with closed doors, and without oratorical ostentations, in general assembly, next presenting them to the acceptance of the legislative body.

Thus the Government (*pouvoir*) is free in its movements, and enlightened in its progress.

Now, what will be the control exercised over the Assemblies?
A Chamber which bears the title of the "Legislative Body" votes the laws and the taxes. It is elected by universal suffrage without the ballot (*sans scrutin de liste*). The people, choosing each candidate singly, can the more easily appreciate his merit.

The Chamber is composed of about 260 members—a first guarantee of the calmness of its deliberations; for too often it has been seen that in assemblies the mobility and ardour of passions increase in proportion to the number of members.

The account of the deliberations which is to inform the nation of its affairs is no longer, as formerly, abandoned to the party spirit of each journal. An official publication, drawn up under the surveillance of the President of the Chamber, will alone be authorised.

The Legislative Body freely discusses the laws—adopts or rejects them—but does not introduce those unforeseen amendments which often derange the whole economy of a system, and the *ensemble* of the primitive project; and, for still stronger reasons, it does not possess that Parliamentary initiative which was the source of such grave abuse, and which permitted every deputy to substitute himself at every turn in place of the Government, and to present projects, however unstudied or shallow.

The Chamber being no longer in presence of the Ministers, and projects of laws being advocated by the orators of the Council of State, the time will not be lost in vain interpellations, in frivolous accusations, and in passionate struggles, whose sole object was to upset ministries in order to replace them.

Thus, then, the deliberations of the Legislative Body will be independent, but the causes of sterile agitations will have been suppressed and salutary delays introduced into any modification of the law. The deputies (*mandataires*) of the nation will maturely accomplish things of importance.

Another assembly bears the name of Senate. It will be composed of those elements which in every country create a legitimate influence; such as an illustrious name, wealth, talent, and services rendered to the country.

The Senate is not—what the Chamber of Peers was—a pale reflection of the Chamber of Deputies, repeating, at a few days' interval, the same discussions in another tone. It is the depository of the fundamental compact, and of the public liberties, compatible with the Constitution; and it is solely with regard to the great principles on which our society is based that it examines all laws, and that it proposes new ones to the Executive Power. It intervenes either to resolve any grave difficulty which might arise during the absence of the Legislative Body, or to explain the text of the Constitution, and to secure whatever may be necessary to its operation (*marche*). It has the right to annul any illegal or arbitrary act; and thus enjoying the consideration which attaches to a body exclusively occupied with the examination of great interests, or the application of great principles, it fills in the State the independent, salutary, and conservative office of the ancient Parliaments.

The Senate will not be, like the Chamber of Peers, transformed into a court of justice. It will preserve its character of supreme moderator; for disputes always fall on political bodies when the sanctuary of legislation becomes a criminal tribunal. The impartiality of the judge is too often questioned, and it loses all prestige with public opinion, which sometimes goes so far as to accuse it of being the instrument of passion or of hatred.

A High Court of Justice chosen from among the high magistracy, and having, as jury, members of the Council-General of all France, will alone repress all attempts against the Chief of the State and the public safety.

The Emperor said to the Council of State, "A Constitution is the work of time. It is impossible to leave in it too large a margin for ameliorations." Accordingly, the present Constitution has only settled that which it was impossible to leave uncertain. It has shut up, within insurmountable barriers, the destinies of a great people. It has left for change a margin sufficiently large to allow, in great crises, of other means of safety than the disastrous expedient of revolution.

The Senate can, in concert with the Government, modify all that is not fundamental in the Constitution, but, as to any modifications of the fundamental bases sanctioned by your suffrage, they can only become definitive after having received your ratification.

Thus, the people remains master of its destiny. Nothing fundamental is effected without its will.

Such are the ideas, such the principles, that you have authorised me to apply. May this Constitution give to our country calm and prosperous days—may it prevent the return of those intestine struggles, in which victory, however legitimate, is always dearly bought—may the sanction which you have given to my efforts be blessed by Heaven! Then—PEACE WILL BE ASSURED AT HOME AND ABROAD. MY ARDENT HOPE WILL BE FULFILLED (*mes vœux seront comblés*), MY MISSION WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Palace of the Tuilleries, January 14, 1852.

Besides the promulgation of the Constitution, the present week has witnessed other measures of a very important character also. The principal of these are, the suppression and reorganisation of the National Guard, and the banishment of those public men who were either considered likely to thwart the success of the President's schemes, or, on account of their Socialist and extreme democratic doctrines, were regarded as dangerous to the well-being of the State. This latter measure was embodied in two decrees, which were published on Saturday last. One of these decrees banishes from the French territory, from Algeria, and from the French colonies, "as a measure of general safety," the following ex-representatives of the Legislative Assembly, and prohibits their return on pain of transportation:—

E. Valentin, P. Raconchot, A. Perdiguer, E. Cholat, L. Latrade, M. Renaud, J. Benoit (du Rhône), J. Burgard, J. Colmar, J. Faure (du Rhône), P. Ch. Gambon, C. Lagrange, M. Nadaud, R. Terrier, V. Hugo, Cassal, Signard, Viguer, Charrassin, Bandsept, Savoye, Joly, Combar, Boyset, Duché, Ennery, Gaillet, Hochstahl, Michot-Boutet, Baune, Bertholon, Schœcher, De Flotte, Joigneaux, Laboulaye, Bruys, Esquiros, Madier-Montjau, N. Parfait, E. Péan, Pelletier, Raspail, T. Bac, Bancel, Belin (Drôme), Besse, Bonzart, Brives, Charvoix, Dulac, Dupont (de Bussac), G. Dussoubs, Guiter, Lafon, Lamarque, P. Lefranc, J. Leroux, F. Maigne, Malardier, Mathien (Drôme), Milotte, Roselli-Mollet, Charras, Saint Terroel, Sommer, Testelin (Nord).

These were all members of the Mountain or Red Republican party in the Assembly.

The other decree banishes temporarily from the French territory and from Algeria, as a measure of general safety, the following ex-representatives of the Legislative Assembly, and prohibits their return without the special authorisation of the President of the Republic, no penalty, however, being specified for contravention of this decree:—

Duvergier de Hauranne, Créton, General de Lamoricière, General Changarnier, Bazé, General de Flo, General Bodeau, Flier, Chambolla, De Rémusat, J. de Lasteyle, E. de Girardin, General Laidet, P. Duprat, E. Quinet, A. Thouret, V. Chassagnon, Versigny.

There is a third class of the ex-representatives obnoxious to the President, and for whom he has reserved a more dreadful fate, viz. that of transportation to the French colony of Guiana, in South America, within the tropics. The persons condemned to this dreadful penalty are MM. Marc-Dufraisse, Greppo, Miot, Mathé, and Richardet.

The *Moniteur* gives, in its non-official colouring, the following justification of this very decisive and arbitrary measure:—"The Government," it says,—

Firmly determined to prevent all cause of disturbance, has found it necessary to adopt measures against certain persons whose presence in France might impede the re-establishment of tranquillity. These measures apply to three classes of persons. The first comprises the individuals convicted of having taken part in the recent insurrections. They will, according to their degree of culpability, be transported to French Guiana or Algeria. The second comprises the acknowledged chiefs of Socialism, whose residence in France would be calculated to foment civil war. They will be expelled from the territory of the Republic, and transported if they return to it. In the third are comprised the political persons who have made themselves remarkable for their violent hostility to the Government, and whose presence might be a cause of agitation. They are to be removed from France for the present. The duty of the Government, under existing circumstances, is firmness, but it will know how to keep repression within just limits. The preceding decrees refer to the ex-representatives only. MM. Marc-Dufraisse, Greppo, Miot, Mathé, and Richardet will be transported to French Guiana.

Of the expelled representatives M. Thiers has come to England. General Changarnier and Lamoricière, it is thought, will fix their abode in Belgium; and Emile de Girardin, in the United States.

The reorganisation of the National Guards is one of the organic laws which Louis Napoleon announced on the morning of the *coup d'état* was to accompany the new Constitution. This important law was published as a decree on Monday. It is of considerable length, and sets forth the consideration on which it is founded. These are to the effect that order is the only source of work, and is established only in the direct ratio of the strength and authority of the

Government. The National Guard ought not to be a guarantee against the executive power, but a guarantee against disorder and insurrection. The principles applied to the organisation of the National Guard at the sequel of different revolutions in France, by indiscriminately arming everybody, were only a preparation for civil war. The composition of the National Guard effected with discernment secures public order and the welfare of the country. In the rural districts especially, where the public force is inconsiderable in number, it is important to provide against every new attempt at disorder and pillage. Recent experience has proved that a single company of good citizens armed for the defence of their homes suffices to keep in check or to put to flight whole bands of malefactors. The changes effected in the constitution of the force are, that, whereas heretofore all Frenchmen, with certain exceptions fixed by the law, were National Guards, whose their own officers, and were at the disposal of the municipal authorities of the commune; now the officers are appointed by the President and the prefects, and none are admitted to serve except those chosen by the central authorities. At the same time, this force, which is placed entirely under the control of the Executive, is to be maintained at the charge of the municipalities. An unconditional amnesty is granted to the National Guards for all offences against discipline committed previously to the 18th instant; and, finally, General Lawstone is named Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of the Seine, and M. Vieuja Colonel-in-Chief of the Staff of the same department.

On Tuesday a funeral service was performed at the Church of the Invalides in honour of the late Marshal Soult. The whole of the family of the deceased were present. Admiral de Mackau, Marshals Exelmans and Vaillant, and General de St. Arnaud held the corners of the pall. Among those present were the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Pope's Nuncio, MM. Guizot, Salvandy, &c.

Louis Napoleon went to the Italian Opera on Tuesday night, and was well received.

The most active and severe measures are taken throughout the provinces against the Socialists, the members of secret societies, and those who took part in the late insurrection. Four hundred and fourteen prisoners taken from the fort of Jori left Paris on Saturday morning for Havre and Brest, and were thence conveyed to Cayenne (French Guiana). These prisoners arrived in Paris in various detachments from the departments, where they were recognised as having taken an active part in the late insurrectionary movement.

The department of the Hautes Alpes, contiguous to the eighth military division, and lately the scene of insurrection, is declared in a state of siege. In the department of the Basses Alpes no less than 992 individuals were under trial by court-martial for being concerned in the late insurrection. There was not a commune but had its secret society. A decree had been issued by Colonel Fririon, who holds the command of the state of siege, declaring that within three days the property of all those insurgents who had fled should be sequestered, and that any person found harbouring any such fugitive should be considered as having taken part in the insurrection. The military commissions of Moulins are proceeding actively with their examination into the cases of the insurgents arrested in the department of the Allier. From Aix we learn that the investigation of the cases of the insurgents of the Var is also proceeding rapidly. It is almost concluded for the *arrondissement* of Brignoles, where the insurrection was most violent. Not fewer than 2000 insurgents belonging to that *arrondissement* are in custody.

PRUSSIA.

The grand characteristic of the year 1852 in the annals of the Governments of the Continental nations of Europe would appear to be the re-organisation of political constitutions.

The first week of the present month ushered in the new absolutist order of things in Austria. This week presents an organic change in the Government of Prussia; while in France the alterations which have been promulgated are on the most gigantic scale.

The change effected by the Prussian Sovereign is the restoration, by Royal decree issued on the 13th inst., at Berlin, of the Council of State, of which M. Von Manteuffel is appointed President *ad interim*.

UNITED STATES.

New York advices of the 1st inst. confirm the telegraphic despatch of last week relative to the fire at the Capitol in Washington.

The Capitol was saved with great difficulty. The occurrence was entirely accidental, arising from a defective flue in the library, which caused the timbers in the wall to ignite. The library of Congress, consisting of 55,000 volumes, was entirely destroyed, together with manuscripts, paintings, and maps, and the loss was estimated at 40,000,000 dols. The original Declaration of Independence was saved. Congress had adjourned for the holidays.

Public and enthusiastic receptions and banquets had been given to Kossuth in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He proceeded thence to Washington, where he arrived on the 30th ult., and was next day presented to the President. The interview was strictly a private nature, and it was generally understood that Kossuth was disappointed at its result. In Congress, after much opposition, a resolution proposed in the Chamber of Representatives, to give a formal reception to Kossuth in the House, fell to the ground without any decision being come to upon it; while in the Senate the course resolved on was the same as in the case of Lafayette viz., merely to introduce him as Louis Kossuth, and invite him to take a seat. The public enthusiasm was less warm at Washington than the friends of Kossuth anticipated.

Mr. Henry Clay had formally resigned his seat in the Senate, on account of ill health.

The immigration into New York for the year 1851 was 289,600, of which 163,256 were from Ireland, 28,553 from England, and 69,883 from Germany.

A communication had been received by the American Government from the Minister of France, announcing the measures that Louis Napoleon had adopted on the 2d of December for the public safety.

A fire which broke out in New York destroyed 15 houses in Division-street.

From California the accounts are to the 1st of December, and are accompanied by a consignment of 563,000 dollars in gold dust. Further discoveries of gold had been made in Bear Valley, Mariposa County, where it was said seven persons had realised 217,000 dollars in eight days. The United States revenue cutter *Lawrence* had been wrecked off San Francisco. Business in California is better. Vigilance committees were organised in almost all the interior towns. There had been a movement at Sacramento to ensure the construction of the Great Pacific Railway.

From Canada it is announced that a fire broke out in the barracks at Quebec on the 26th of December, which destroyed military stores to the amount of 40,000 dollars.

INDIA.

Accounts from Calcutta to the 6th and Bombay to the 17th December have been received. They are not of importance. With respect to the expedition sent under the command of Commodore Lambert to demand satisfaction for certain British claims from the Government of the Burmese Empire, we learn that the force arrived at Rangoon on the 27th of October. The Commodore, after an interview with the Governor, granted a delay of 35 days to obtain from Ava, the capital, compliance with his demands; after which he will proceed to enforce them in case of refusal.

Sir Colin Campbell was still at Michenee, but had engaged in no further battle with the enemy.

By the Directors' orders the greater part of Ali Mourad's territory in Upper Scinde is to be occupied. A division, under General Manson, aided by the Moulton brigade, will effect these orders. The Aden expedition was abandoned.

Both Mahomed of Cabool, and the Maharajah Gholab Singh, were still alive, though it was fully expected that neither could recover.

Mr. Reddie, the First Judge of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes, died on the 28th November, from cholera.

THE RIVER PLATE.

Advices from Monte Video to Dec. 6 announce that Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, was about to strike a grand blow to recover his influence in the provinces of the Argentine Confederation, which was put in jeopardy by Urquiza's defeat of his creature Oribe, as announced a few weeks back. Rosas, it is said, has collected an army of 30,000 men. General Urquiza was to cross the Parana on the 15th of December to commence hostilities against the Dictator. The Brazilian army was encamped near Monte Video, but had not fired a shot. Treaties had been concluded with the Brazilian Government, defining the boundaries of the two countries, and binding them to assist each other in case of attack.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

THE PRIMATES OF ENGLAND ON THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.

The following correspondence, which has been published this week, is of so important a character that we give it in full:—

I.—LETTER TO THE PRIMATES ENCLOSING THE DECLARATION.

31, Charterhouse-square, Dec. 31, 1851.

My dear Lord Archbishop,—I am requested by the "Supremacy and Gorham Cause Declaration Committee" to forward to your Grace the enclosed "declaration," which has now been signed by 3262 of the clergy (not including seven names which we have been unable to verify), among whom are seven Deans, twelve Archdeacons, and a large number of the dignitaries of the Church throughout the kingdom.

These signatures have been obtained, not by means of application sent to all the clergy, but by private correspondence with persons known to the committee, and a few advertisements in the newspapers; consequently, the number so obtained cannot be considered as at all an adequate representation of that portion of the clergy who would have signed the "declaration" if it had been sent to the whole body; and, further, the answers which we have received show that it represents but a fraction of those who cordially agree with the views stated in the "declaration," a very large number of the clergy being reluctant, from failing to recognise its necessity and other causes, to make any public movement in the matter. With a feeling of reluctance to issue such declarations needlessly, the committee cordially sympathise; nor was it till some time had elapsed after the delivery of the Gorham judgment that it was determined to offer the clergy an opportunity of publicly testifying their sense of its value. But circumstances, to which it is unnecessary further to allude, seemed to render it a duty incumbent upon them to make known their sentiments on the subject, not only to disabuse the public mind of the false impression which it had been taught to entertain respecting their views in the matter, but also to discontinue any attempt that might be made to set aside in practice a judgment solemnly pronounced by the ultimate court of appeal in matters ecclesiastical; and for these purposes the names appended to the enclosed "declaration" appear to the committee to be amply sufficient, coming as they do from every diocese, and from all parts of the kingdom, and amounting, probably, to about one-fourth part of the officiating clergy, especially when it is recollected that a recent declaration of a contrary kind, which was sent to every individual throughout the whole body of the clergy, and also to the lay members of the Universities, obtained, as is well known, less than 1800 signatures, lay and clerical together.

I am, my dear Lord Archbishop,
Your Grace's obliged and faithful servant,
W. GOODE.

II.—THE DECLARATION ENCLOSURE.

A Declaration, by the undersigned Clergy of the Church of England, in support of the Royal Supremacy in things Ecclesiastical, and of the wisdom and authority of the Judgment emanating from its recent exercise.

We, the undersigned clergy of the Church of England, viewing with surprise and concern the attempts made by parties holding office in the Church to invalidate and nullify the judgment recently delivered by the Sovereign, as "supreme Governor of this realm, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal," by the advice of the Privy Council and the Primates of the Church, in the case of "Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter," hereby testify our thankfulness for the judgment so delivered, and feel ourselves called upon, under present circumstances (whether holding or not the view which called forth the judgment), humbly to state our conviction that it was a wise and just sentence, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England.

And we respectfully, but firmly, protest against any attempt, from whatever quarter it may proceed, to bring into contempt a judgment so issued, and to charge with false teaching and discredit with their flocks those whose doctrine has been pronounced by that judgment to be "not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England."

Such attempts we hold to be equivalent to the enforcement of a standard of doctrine in our Church, by unauthorised individuals, opposed to that established by its supreme authority; and, consequently, to be irreconcilable with the first principles of all church polity, and necessarily to lead to a state of disorder, strife, and confusion in the Church.

III.—REPLY OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Addington, Jan. 2.

My dear Sir,—I have much satisfaction in receiving the declaration which you have forwarded to me from so numerous a body of clergy upon a subject which I sincerely hope may no longer be permitted to disturb the peace of our Church.

There are many questions in theology upon which Christians may differ without reproach to themselves or injury to others. From the Reformation until the present time numbers of our clergy have subscribed the same articles, have used the same formularies, have ministered in the same churches, whose sentiments, if they had been obliged to state them with logical precision, would have been found to vary, more or less, from each other, both with regard to regeneration and to the effect of infant baptism. But this difference has not prevented their harmonious co-operation, or impaired their usefulness; and I should have been seriously grieved if the period of my archiepiscopacy had been chosen as the period when freedom of opinion, within the reasonable limits hitherto deemed allowable, was, for the first time, denied to our clergy in a case where it is not denied them by the word of God or the declared doctrine of the Church of England. I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,
Rev. William Goode.

J. B. CANTUAR.

IV.—REPLY OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Bishopthorpe, York, Jan. 5.

My dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the declaration, and of your letter which accompanied it.

I am glad to find such a large number of the clergy agree in regarding "the judgment" alluded to as "a wise and just sentence, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England."

Concurring entirely in that opinion, I would only add the expression of my sincere hope that it may be considered by all parties as a final settlement of the point in dispute, and thus tend to promote that peace and harmony among ourselves which the times and the circumstances of the Church require.

I am, my dear Sir, your faithful servant,
The Rev. W. Goode.

T. EAOB.

ORDINATIONS TO BE HELDEN IN 1852.—Sunday, March 7.—By the Archbishop of Canterbury; by the Bishop of Carlisle; by the Bishop of Chester, at Chester (papers to be sent in by the 1st of February); by the Bishop of Exeter, at Exeter; by the Bishop of Lincoln, at Lincoln (papers to be sent in by the 26th of January); by the Bishop of Peterborough; by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Bishop of Salisbury; by the Bishop of Worcester, at Worcester (papers to be sent in by the 7th of February).

PREFERRMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—The following preferments and appointments have been made:—*Bishopric*: The Rev. M. Valentine, to Jerusalem. *Honorary Canonries*: The Rev. Dr. Whitaker, Vicar of Blackburn, and the Rev. John Hull, Vicar of Ponton-le-Fryde, to Manchester Cathedral. *Rectories*: The Rev. Ogle Russell La Font, to Hinxworth, Herts; the Rev. John Henry Coward, to St. Benet and St. Peter, Paul's Wharf, London; the Rev. Henry Sullivan, to Yoxall, near Lichfield, Staffordshire. *Vicarages*: The Rev. Henry Addington, to Langford, Beds; the Rev. Thomas Percival Rogers, to Bath-Easton with St. Catherine, Somerset; the Rev. Frederick W. Darwall, to Shoulton, Kent; the Rev. T. C. Price, to St. Augustine's, Bristol; the Hon. and Rev. Edward Plantagenet Avelly Talbot, to Everecreech cum Chesterblade; the Rev. John O'Brien, to Henfield; the Rev. Thomas William Jones, to All Saints and St. Leonard's, Leicester.

TESTIMONIALS.—The following clergymen have recently received testimonials of esteem and affection:—The Rev. Frederick Quarrington, from the parishioners of Harescombe and Pitchcombe, Gloucestershire; the Rev. J. P. Kople, from the parishioners of Gorleston, Suffolk; the Rev. J. Y. Hughes, the minister of Christ Church, East Greenwich, from the congregation; the Rev. H. Harries, curate of Trinity, and the Rev. J. A. Charlton, curate of St. Cuthbert's, Darlington, from their respective congregations; the Rev. Dr. Wilson, from the inhabitants of Deddington, Oxfordshire; the Rev. Thomas Dry, from the parishioners of North Walsham, Norfolk; the Rev. F. W. Darwall, assistant minister of St. James's, Dover, from the congregation; the Rev. J. Wood, of All Saints', Clayton-le-Moors, Lancashire, from the superintendent, teachers, and monitor classes in his Sunday-school; the Rev. Joseph Place, curate of Byfield, Northamptonshire, from the parishioners; the Rev. C. G. Monk, late vicar of Newport, from the parishioners; the Rev. E. D. Jackson, incumbent of Heaton Norris Chapel, from the members of his congregation; the Rev. G. M. Gibbs, from the congregation of St. Mary's, Southwark.

ECCELESIASTICAL LEGISLATION.—At the monthly meeting of the London Union on Church matters, held on Tuesday at St. Martin's Hall, the secretary's report, which was adopted, contained the following passage:—"Papers setting out the way in which bills are brought into Parliament affecting the clergy, without their feelings or opinions being consulted in the matter, have been brought under the committee's notice, and have been referred to the consideration of the sub-committee on diocesan synods. The Union has, however, already stated its opinion that it will be the better course for Churchmen to object to all legislation for the Church until her own provincial synod have been reconstructed with powers to make canons that shall not need the assent of Parliament *seriatim*." Should any such bills as above referred to be brought into Parliament, the committee recommend the clergy to act on the judicious suggestion made by the South Church Union at its recent meeting, and call on their respective bishops to summon their clergy in synod, for the purpose of hearing their opinions on this mode of legislating for the Church, and, should it be thought expedient, of considering the provisions of the bill.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.—A meeting in connexion with the third jubilee recently held in commemoration of this society took place on Wednesday evening, at the Parochial School-room, South Hackney, in aid of the South Hackney Church Fund. The Rev. G. P. Lockwood, the rector, presided, and stated that the church fund was established about twelve years ago for the support of five societies—the Church Building Society, the National Society, the Additional Curates Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The

last-named society now more especially claimed their attention, on account of being in its jubilee year. Nearly every parish either had, or would have, its jubilee commemoration, the celebration having also extended to the colonies and to the American Episcopal Church. After a rapid sketch of the society's operations from its foundation in 1701, the reverend gentleman pointed out the gradual, but astonishing, increase which had taken place in the funds of the society. In 1701 the subscriptions were only £204; in 1750, £718; in 1800, £426; in 1820, £1327; in 1835, £10,915; and in 1850, £36,848, while the society's income from all sources amounted to no less than £91,574. The number of missionaries now supported by the society was about 400. Dr. Williams read the annual report of the South Hackney Church Fund, from which it appeared that the income during the past year had been £168, making, with those of previous years, £2898. The appropriation of last year's fund had been as follows:—To the Society for Propagating the Gospel, £34 1s. 10d.; to the National Society, £43 2s. 4d.; to the Additional Curates Society, £34 14s. 1d.; to the South Hackney District Christian Knowledge Society, £20 9s. 4d.; and to the Church Building Fund, £29 12s. 4d. The report was adopted. The Rev. H. J. Vernon, one of the secretaries of the parent society, said that its work had been twofold from the very first—to attend to our own colonists, and also to the heathen amongst whom they were placed. To do either they must do both, for the two classes were intermingled. Other speakers followed, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the rev. chairman.

LONDON CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL BUILDING SOCIETY.—A meeting took place on Wednesday evening at the Poultry Chapel; the Lord Mayor in the chair. The report stated that since 1848, the society had been the means of erecting or of aiding in the erection of eight handsome and commodious chapels in destitute and populous localities; viz. Horbury chapel, Haverstock-hill chapel, the City-road chapel, Bedford chapel, Somers-town, Portland chapel, Portland-town, Southgate-road chapel, and Nottingdale Porters chapel. It had also secured the preservation and successful use of Portland chapel, near St. John's-wood, and thus was exclusive of enterprises in which the society was now engaged. It was proposed, in connexion with the society, to effect the erection of at least 50 new Congregational chapels. Supposing this to be accomplished, the number of Congregational chapels in London would still be under 200, and that in a population which ten years hence could hardly be less than three millions. The meeting was addressed by Samuel Norley, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Leifchild, and other ministers.

THE NEW CHURCH AT HAMPTSTEAD.—During the severe storm of wind which raged on the night of the 8th instant, the vane and about sixteen feet of the apex of the steeple of the new church at Hampstead were blown down. The whole fell at the foot of the tower, and did comparatively little injury.

MR. BENNETT.—In the reply of the Bishop of Bath and Wells to a protest which had been addressed to him, from certain persons of Frome, against Mr. Bennett's presentation to the living of that place, his Lordship says:—"I can assure you, had I not been satisfied that Mr. Bennett was not attached to, or likely to be influenced by, the doctrines of the Church of Rome, or likely to influence in that direction others of any congregation committed to his care, I should have declined instituting him, from whatever quarter his nomination might have come; but as I am fully satisfied that Mr. Bennett has a firm and deep rooted attachment to our own Church, and to all the doctrines of the Church of England, repudiating all Romish doctrines, I feel that I should be acting unjustly by him, and unconsciously as well as unfairly by the Marchioness of Bath (whose firm attachment to our Church is so well known), if I were to refuse him admission into my diocese."

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS.

The following particulars respecting the recent enormous discoveries of gold-mines in Bathurst, and the surrounding parts of the country, have been received lately in this country from a person who resides in Sydney, New South Wales:—

Woolloomooloo, Sydney, N. S. W., Sept. 3, 1851.

This colony (Sydney) still remains in a very agitated state, owing to the gold fever, which is not in the least way abated. People of every class of society are constantly leaving here for the "diggings," and almost every business is at an entire stand-still. We are afraid that a number of our police are going to desert us and be off to the mines, for it is rumoured that nearly forty of the city police and all the water police are about to resign the *baton* for the purpose of trying their luck at gold-finding. It is also reported that the police which are stationed at Cockatoo Island intend to try a change of scene and air on a similar errand. I am sorry to say that provisions are still very high in price, and business is very dull.

I enclose you some correspondence from a friend at Bathurst, which we received a short time back. Let my friends in England read it, as it will show them the present state of the scene of operations.

The subjoined extracts are taken from the letter referred to above, and are dated—

Bathurst, August 14, 1851.

The gold-diggers are doing wonders on Mr. Wentworth's land at Frederick's Valley. There are two brothers of the name of Haghan who in two days procured £150 worth of gold; in one day they picked up two lumps weighing respectively 1½ and 14 ounces. As this gold is found in a large quartz vein and in the matrix, I should not be surprised at some enormous discoveries of auriferous wealth being made in that quarter.

Several parties have arrived here from the Turon, and the accounts received from there are of a very satisfactory nature. A great number of the diggers are doing remarkably well, and many are roaming about prospecting in the small creeks and tributaries of the river. It is pretty generally the opinion of most parties there, that those who have a mind to work and persevere can make sure of remunerative wages.

Three sailors, who a fortnight since arrived here from Sydney, have procured £900 worth of the precious metal from the "claim" they are now working near the Wallaby Rocks, for which they have lately refused £500. A great quantity of gold has arrived in town within the last four days, in small lots, but Mondays and Tuesdays are the principal days on which the gold arrives, in time for the escort on Wednesday morning.

It is rumoured in town, that Mr. Rotton, the mail contractor, has entered into an arrangement with the Government to run a daily mail from Bathurst to Sydney. Since the increasing traffic and number of arrivals to our district this was much required, for, since the gold discovery, a person travelling from Bathurst per mail would require to book himself three weeks in advance of his arrival in Sydney to ensure a passage by the return mail.

PIRACY AND MURDER IN THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

The pirates of the Indian Archipelago, to whose atrocities attention was drawn some time back, have again furnished material for a harrowing narrative. The following account refers to the murder of two gentlemen and a portion of their native crew by a most outrageous attack made on their vessel by some Lannun and Suloo pirates in Mallada Bay. The following particulars were obtained from a gentleman who formed one of the expedition which made diligent inquiries on the spot as to the tragedy:—

The H. C. steamer *Pluto*, on her way from Labuan to the N.E. coast of Borneo, touched at Mallada Bay, at which place intelligence was received of the capture by pirates of the schooner *Dolphin*, and the murder of Mr. Burns (supercargo) and Robertson (captain), as also a portion of the crew. This outrage is reported to have taken place on or about the 7th or 8th of September last. From inquiries made, it appeared that, in the evening, whilst the vessel was under way, two boats manned by ten men went alongside and intimidated their desire to trade, which Captain Robertson declined to do until daylight next morning. About seven o'clock on the following day, two men, one a Lannun and the other a Suloo man, went on board, apparently to trade with Mr. Burns, having with them some mats, pearls, and camphor. Whilst Mr. Burns was in a stooping posture, his attention taken up examining some pearls in his hand, a Borneo mat, rolled up, was handed from the boat, which Burns glanced at, and in which was concealed a Suloo kris. The pretended trader adroitly drew out the hidden weapon, and at a single cut severed Burns's head from his body. Captain Robertson was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, and at this juncture his back was towards Burns. The Suloo man, observing Burns despatched, made a cut at Robertson's neck, who, turning at the instant, received a kris wound across the chin, and ran forward to the jibboom-end, whence he begged hard for his life. From one of the boats, under the schooner's bows, several spears were thrown at Robertson, who fell into the water and was finished by a spear thrust through his body. Three of the crew (Malays) were also butchered. Not the least resistance was offered, and the arms were all below in the hold. The rest of the crew took to the water or escaped up the rigging; their lives were spared, and they were bound with ropes. A native woman on board was cut nearly in two and thrown into the sea. On obtaining this information the *Pluto* proceeded to Labuk Bay, to which place the *Dolphin* was reported to have been taken by the pirates. Owing to the shallowness of the water the boats were got ready, consisting of the two paddle-box boats, each fitted with a 6-pounder, and the first cutter, under the command of Mr. Hodge, of the *Pluto*, and accompanied by Mr. St. John, officiating commissioner. In consequence of the intricacy of the Benguan river, some difficulty was experienced in hitting upon the right channel. After passing some distance, the *Dolphin's* boat was observed pulling towards the flotilla; and at six P.M. Mr. Hodge boarded the schooner *Dolphin*, at anchor in the Benguan river. The same evening Mr. St. John proceeded up the river to see the chief, from whom it was ascertained that on the schooner's arrival he demanded of the pirates what vessel it was; they said she was a Spanish trader, and as the Sulooes are at war with Spain, they had a right to take her. The crew were interrogated, but from fear answered they did not know what flag the vessel sailed under; but one of the chief's people, seeing the crew, said, "You are Mr. Burns's crew—I have seen the schooner at Bruni." The crew then told the chief what had happened, upon which the chief himself cut down one of the pirates, others were wounded and some captured, but were subsequently released by a large party of Sulooes and Lannuns, who threatened to return and destroy the chief of Benguan. The flotilla towed the *Dolphin* to Labuk Bay, and on the 2d of November it rejoined the *Pluto*. The steamer next day towed the *Dolphin* as far as the northern entrance of Mallada Bay, placed on board four European seamen, victualled the native crew, and despatched the schooner to Singapore.



BURGHER FINGOES ON THE FRONTIER OF CAPE COLONY.

THE KAFFIR WAR.

WE continue to be favoured with characteristic Sketches illustrative of the war in Kaffraria. The first of the accompanying scenes is thus described in the following extract from a letter, dated Alice, Cape of Good Hope, 25th Oct., 1851:—

"I enclose a pen-and-ink sketch of a 'scene' in South Africa. The figures in their shirts are intended for our Fingoes, with gun and

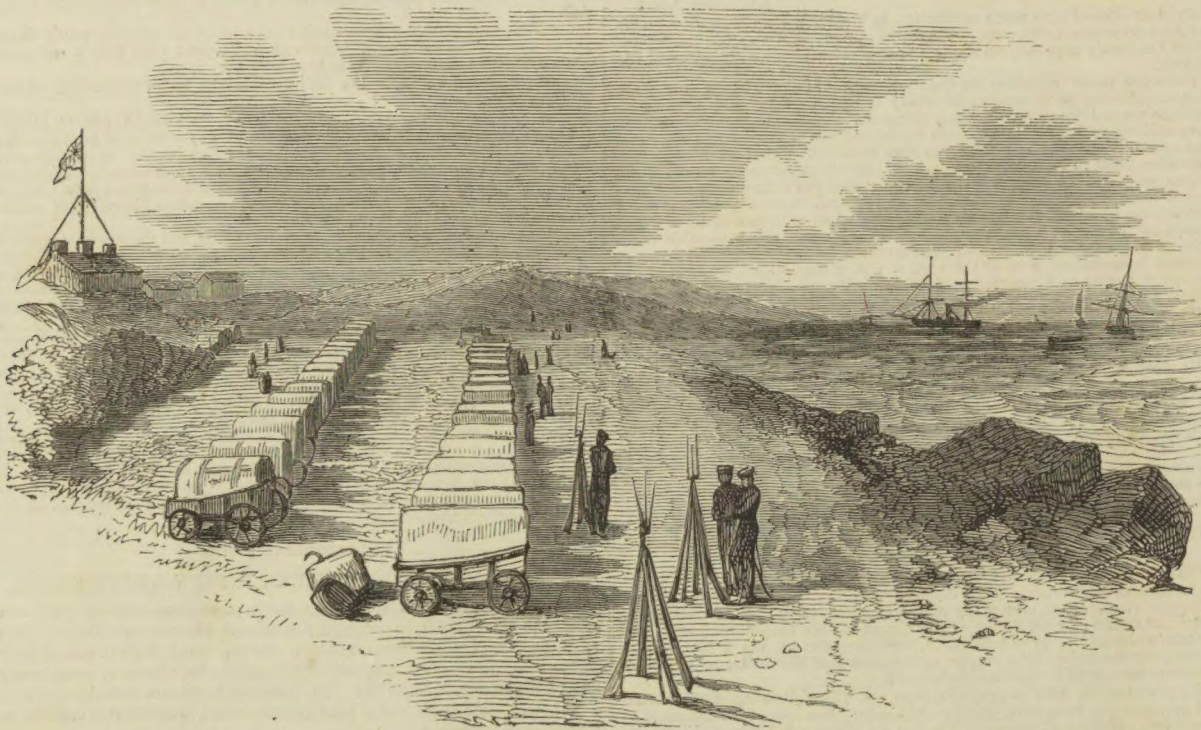
assegai. The figures on the mountains represent the position held by the enemy. The accoutrements of the principal figures show those employed when the parties set out for two or three days' patrol. When they go out for a longer period, additional articles are required, as a matter of course.

"The rebels and Kaffirs still continue to make a most determined stand against our troops. For the last fourteen days, our troops, from 5000 to 6000 in number, have been bombarding and charging them in

H.M. STEAM-TENDER "ALBAN" RESCUING THE CREW OF AN AMERICAN BRIGANTINE.

WE have been favoured by a Correspondent with the accompanying Sketch of H.M. steam-tender *Alban* discovering the wreck of an ill-fated American brigantine, the *Mesardis*, of New York, on her voyage from Chagres, Navy Bay, to Jackson, in the United States, when there were rescued two of her crew, who had been there from the 31st of August to the 23d November. Both were very sickly, and in all probability would have died had the timely arrival of the *Alban* been delayed much longer. The following account appeared in the *Jamaica Standard*:—"H.M. steamer *Alban*, Lieut. Craufurd, arrived at Port Royal on Saturday last from the Serranilla Keys, in six days. The *Alban* brought up two men from the wreck of an American brigantine, lost on the reef. The following is a narrative of the discovery of the wreck, in search of which H.M. steamer *Alban* recently went, and two lives saved:—"H.M. steamer *Alban* proceeded on the afternoon of the 21st November from Port Royal to the Serranilla Bank, in search of distressed American seamen believed to be located in Beacon Cay, in the immediate vicinity of the above bank. On the *Alban* approaching her destination, Lieut. Craufurd observed a tent erected on the Cay, out of which a man was remarked to go waving his hat in great triumph and joy: the steamer then, with great care, stood as near the Cay as practicable, and observed the wreck of the ill-fated vessel, which was almost broken up, lying on the most exposed point of land, with the force of the sea sweeping over her. The *Alban* was then brought to in the safest place, when the gig and cutter were lowered down for the purpose of rendering whatever assistance might be requisite: the boats were speedily manned—the cutter in charge of Mr. Belt, gunner, with a crew of nine hands; the party in the gig consisting of Lieutenant Craufurd, with four men, and Dr. Crawford, assistant-surgeon; the latter gentleman proceeding for the purpose of affording whatever professional services might be necessary. After the boats left the vessel, great dexterity and skill were evinced by the officers in charge, in the very careful and efficient manner in which they piloted their little craft through the dangerous surf, which was breaking with great violence all round the beach. Lieutenant Craufurd was the first to go on shore, leaving Dr. Crawford in charge of the boat, with orders to keep clear of breakers till his return, and to be ready, if necessary, to visit the afflicted. On Lieutenant Craufurd's arrival at the tent, he learned that the crew of the unfortunate vessel consisted of seven originally, and two passengers, who were cast away on the night of the 31st of August. The master, however, two months afterwards proceeded with two of the crew towards the Mosquito coast in search of assistance. The six left on Beacon Cay were very sickly, and became worse, four of whom fell victims to the vicissitude of climate and want of proper nourishment, and the other two must have evidently fallen victims had the *Alban's* timely arrival been delayed two days longer. In conclusion, great credit is due to the commander, and Mr. W. G. Aldrich, second master, for the able way in which they conducted their vessel amongst those cays (although in the hour of darkness), which are known to be the worst and most dangerous in the West India pilotage."

On the *Alban's* return to Port Royal a letter of thanks was received by the Commodore from the American Consul in Kingston, in which he desired the expression of his warmest thanks to the commander, officers, and crew of the *Alban*, which letter was read to these persons on the quarter-deck of H. M. ship *Imaum*.

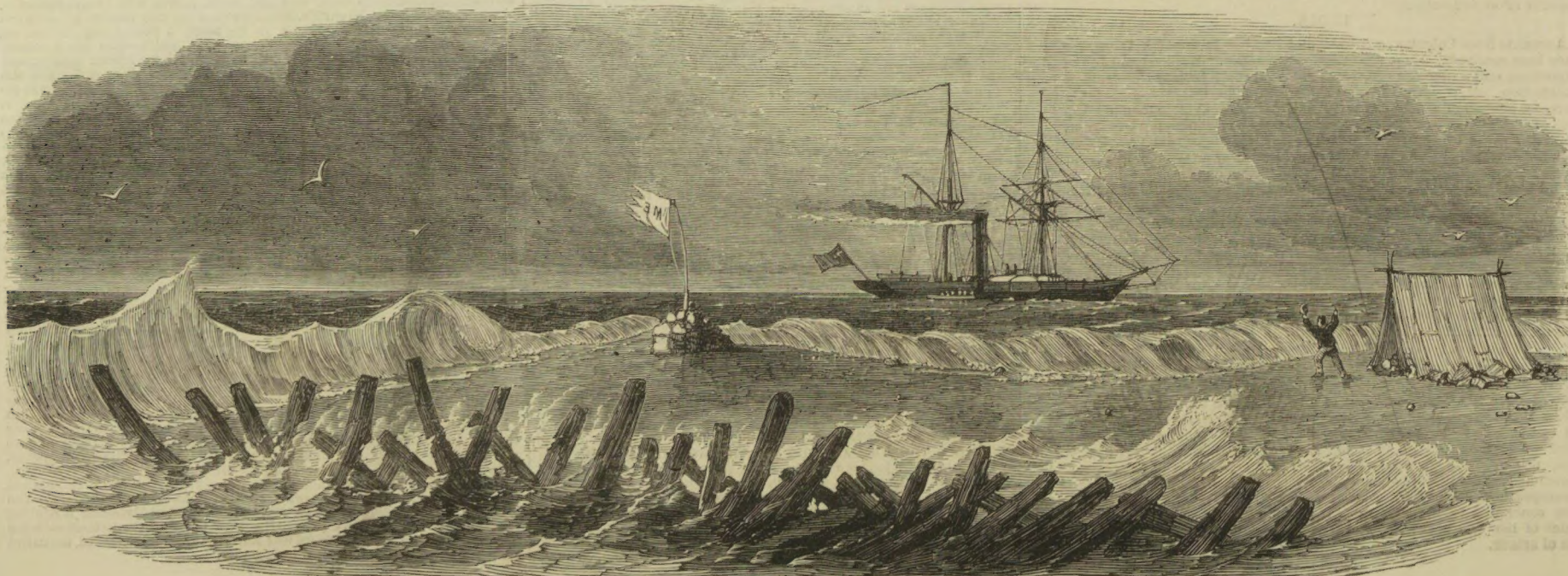


EAST LONDON, BUFFALO MOUTH, FROM THE WEST.

one of the almost impenetrable natural fortresses of this country, about 30 miles from this place. Very exaggerated reports have been circulated respecting the loss of the enemy, which, it is now generally believed, is comparatively small. We have lost ten men killed, and thirty wounded. Altogether, we have nothing to boast of; no impression appears to have been made as yet. The day before yesterday the bombarding was heard there again. We are hourly waiting for the re-

sult. Vague reports announce another failure, and it is as yet pretty clear that the enemy hold their fastnesses."

The second Sketch shows Buffalo Mouth, or the Port of East London, with the *Styx* steamer landing (close in) horses, &c., for the service: the dark spots represent the surf-boats on the Warp; the two rows of waggons are waiting for hire; a train of these conveyances sometimes, in travelling, occupies perhaps three miles, and is escorted by fifty men.



H. M. S. "ALBAN" RESCUING A PART OF THE CREW OF AN AMERICAN BRIGANTINE IN SERRANILLA KEYS.



GREAT RUNNING MATCH IN COPENHAGEN FIELDS, ON MONDAY.

GREAT RUNNING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT, AND A SWEEPSTAKES IN CASH, IN COPENHAGEN FIELDS.

NEARLY all the pedestrians of celebrity were brought together on Monday, either to compete for the championship, or to witness the performance of the swiftest foot-racers of the present time. Although the weather was showery and unfavourable, thousands of spectators congregated on this well-known sporting-ground. The arrangements were excellent, preventing confusion, obstruction, and annoyance; so that the competitors came to the scratch in admirable order, starting at fifty minutes past two o'clock, to the satisfaction of the immense throng, computed to exceed 4600 persons.

The Champion's Belt (the chief prize contended for) is a beautiful piece of workmanship, of rich purple Genoa velvet, 6 feet in length, and

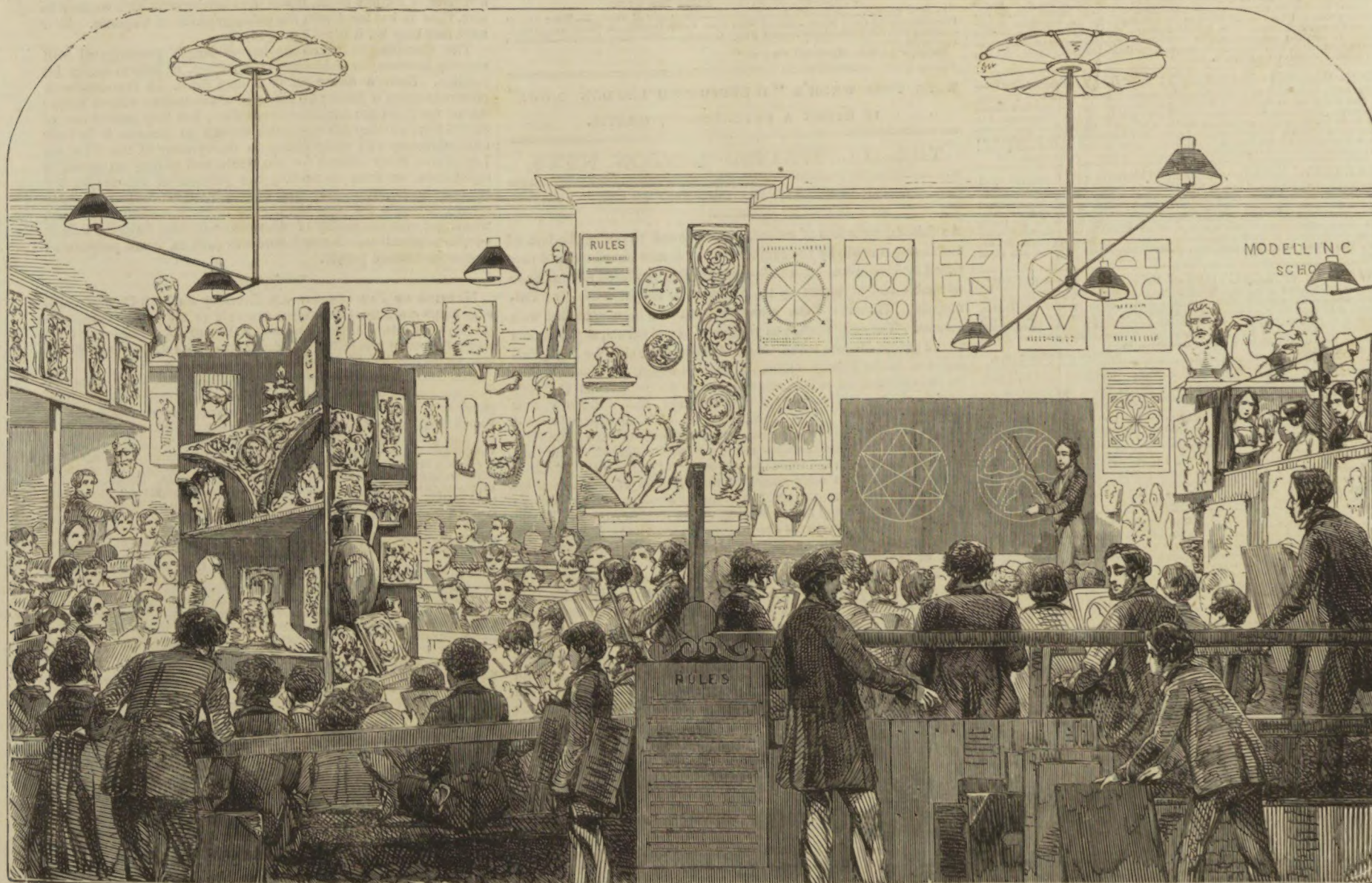
4 inches in width: in its centre is a silver shield, with richly chased figures in bold relief, emblematic of pedestrian sports, the top part of the shield having a figure of Mercury holding the wreath of victory, in another part showing two groups of human figures in a field, all in silver, contesting a running match; a massive silver buckle and tab, the whole bordered with white satin; the back of the belt being embroidered with silver laurel leaves. The cost of the whole was £25.

By twelve o'clock there were 18 competitors entered, each naming a colour he proposed running in, so that the sight was very imposing when the whole number of these pedestrians were ranged for the start; Jackson, Grantham, Levitt, Swift, Tetlow, and Frost appearing to have the greatest number of backers. The odds before starting were as follow:—2 to 1 agst Grantham; 3 to 1 agst Levitt, Frost, or Tetlow. Manks (although on the ground) refused to start.

At ten minutes before three o'clock the pedestrians went away at a tremendous speed, Pudney (Mile-end) with the lead; Tetlow (Oldham), second; Levitt (Battersea), third; Frost (Suffolk Stag), Jackson (Ame-

rican Deer), and Adams (Mitcham) close behind, with very little alteration during the performance of the first mile (three times round the ground). Levitt then shot ahead—Pudney second, Tetlow third, Frost fourth, Adams and Griffiths (Walworth) well up. Levitt gave up in the tenth round, and Grantham in the twelfth; Jackson not running more than five miles. At the completion of the fourth mile Frost had obtained the lead—Tetlow being second, Adams third, Pudney fourth, Jackson fifth; after which Frost was never caught, but won the prize with comparative ease, by from 200 to 300 yards in advance of Tetlow, who came in second; Pudney being third, Adams fourth, and Kelly fifth; the last two being full 600 yards behind Frost. The winner went over his ten miles in the almost incredibly short time (considering the weather and wet ground) of 54 minutes 21 seconds—the last two passing the winning flag in 55 minutes 57 seconds.

The Belt was given up to the winner the same evening, at the Copenhagen Tavern, in the presence of a large concourse of sporting gentlemen and pedestrians.



THE NORTH LONDON SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND MODELLING, CAMDEN TOWN.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

DOOM OF THE GERMAN NAVY.—The *German Gazette* announces the doom of the German navy. At the end of this month the German navy will cease to exist; the vessels are to be sold, the officers and crews are to be paid off. This fleet, created by a national necessity, and consisting of about thirteen vessels, three or four of them splendid and powerful steam-frigates, the only bulwark of German maritime trade, now destroyed by the Frankfort Diet, is the most bitter and biting satire on the political sagacity of Germany. The chief sufferer by all this is Prussia, whose young navy in the Baltic is quite useless without the squadron in the German Sea; and the money she has spent and will spend in completing her navy is entirely thrown away.

It is estimated that the total aggregate of capital which has been expended up to this time in the construction of railways, in different parts of the world, amounts to the enormous sum of £447,786,000.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

CABINET COUNCIL.—On the 9th inst. summonses were issued to attend two Cabinet Councils this week, on the 14th and 15th instants: the first was held on Wednesday afternoon at the Foreign-office. The Ministers present were Lord John Russell, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Minto, Sir George Grey, Earl Granville, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Baring, Lord Brougham, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, and Lord Seymour. The Council sat two hours and a half. Lords Minto and Brougham, who were absent from the Cabinet Council held on the previous week, came to town on this occasion, the only absence being the Earl of Carlisle. On Thursday the second Cabinet Council was held at noon. The Ministers present were—Lord J. Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, Sir G. Grey, Lord Granville, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Earl of Minto, Earl Grey, the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Sir F. T. Baring, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Seymour, and the Right Hon. Fox Maule.

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS AND REMOVALS.—On Monday Lord Normanby transacted business at the Foreign-office. The *Globe* of Monday states that Lord Clanricarde has declared his intention to leave the Cabinet so soon as a successor can be procured, and that the noble Lord has been solicited to take the French embassy, should Lord Normanby become a member of the Cabinet. On Tuesday the Postmaster-General (Lord Clanricarde) had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing-street; Mr. Commissioner Miller with Earl Grey, at the Colonial-office; and Mr. Grenville Berkeley with Sir G. Grey, at the Home-office. Captain R. S. Dundas, R.N., had an interview with the Prime Minister on Wednesday, in Downing-street.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSY IN MADRID.—The *Morning Chronicle* correspondent writes from Madrid on the 4th inst.:—"I have heard, and I have reason to believe that the assertion is true, that Lord Howden has sent in his resignation." At the banquet given by Maria Christina, on the 6th inst., the absence of the English Minister was remarked.

BOARD OF CUSTOMS.—There is no foundation for the statement of a morning contemporary, that a committee has been appointed by the Government, and is now sitting at the Custom-house, on the management of Customs. The statement that Sir Thomas Fremantle, chairman of the Board of Customs, is about to be replaced by another chief commissioner, is equally unfounded. The Customs reforms, to the accomplishment of which the attention of the imaginary committee is announced to be specially directed, were effected more than a year ago, at the instance of Sir Thomas Fremantle, Sir Alexander Spearman, and Mr. Hayter.—*Globe*.

THE EXTRAMURAL INTERMENTS BILL.—The Prime Minister had appointed Monday to receive a deputation from Marylebone respecting this bill; but on the members assembling at the Court-house, headed by Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P., prior to their starting for Downing-street, the vestry clerk received a note from Mr. A. Russell, the Minister's secretary, explaining that Lord John Russell had sent word he would not be in town before Wednesday, and that his Lordship must have forgotten the deputation appointed to meet him on Monday. The secretary added, that it was too late to send to Richmond, and promised to let the deputation know when the Minister could receive the Marylebone memorial. Lord Dudley Stuart declared that it was "very bad behaviour" on the part of the Premier, as he had himself made the appointment. During a short conversation on some suggestions by Sir Benjamin Hall, that the parochial authorities should have the management of extramural interments, Lord Dudley Stuart stated that Lord Seymour was to have the management of the amended bill next session, and that he was favourable to the principle of parochial control. A suggestion was then made, that it would be better for the deputation to see Lord Seymour, and some of the members seemed to think that Lord John Russell would not be long in office, and it was, therefore, a waste of time to see his Lordship. After a little further discussion, in which the Premier's failure to keep his appointment was protested against, the deputation agreed to see his Lordship as soon as possible. On Lord Palmerston's name being mentioned as the probable successor of Lord J. Russell, there was great applause.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The fifth of the series of lectures on subjects connected with the Great Exhibition was delivered on Wednesday evening by Dr. Lindley, the subject being "Substances used as Food." Sir John Boscawen, Bart., was in the chair. The lecturer entered into the all-important subject, wheat—one of the most remarkable specimens of which was a sample forwarded from our South Australia colonies—a wheat that was undeniably the first produced in the world, one weighing the almost incredible weight of 70 lb. per bushel, the only other wheat approaching it in quality being the produce of Castile, in Spain, known commonly under the denomination of Talavera wheat. It would, however, be an utter mistake to suppose that similar wheat sown in England would produce a better crop than our indigenous kind, the quality of wheat depending not so much on soil as on climate. The subject of crossing different species of the cereals had been little studied, and it had been proved by samples in the Exhibition that important results might be obtained. Plantains from Mexico could be produced in this country in quantity at a low price, and may become a valuable adjunct to the provisioning of our royal and mercantile marines. Dried vegetables were more acceptable at sea than preserved fruits, which palled on the appetite. If proper precautions were taken the meats would keep a long time. The meat biscuit forwarded to the Exhibition from Texas was so nutritious that 10 lb. would maintain a man in full vigour for four days. It is formed by boiling down the best portions of meat, and mixing the extract with the finest flour; thus the herbs, almost innumerable, that are yearly destroyed for their hides and bones only, as in the Argentine Republic, may have the edible portions in future converted to a nutritious and portable aliment. Dr. Lindley referred to coffee, cocoa, tinned and caffeine (the produce of the leaves of the tea and coffee trees), sugar, tea, &c. It was probable that the highest portions of the Himalaya mountains would produce tea of the finest quality. 50,000 to 60,000 lb. of spurious or lie tea had been recently imported into Liverpool. The lecturer said a few words on tobacco. Thanks were voted to Dr. Lindley, and a strong feeling was expressed that the Crystal Palace should be retained, in which were now lying £10,000 worth of specimens presented to the Royal Commission.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Mr. J. M. Rendel, the recently elected president, delivered his inaugural address at Monday's meeting. He expressed his regret at the division between employers and the employed, which must ever be productive of evil to both, but invariably ends in permanent injury to the men, whose occupation is the construction of machines by which manual labour is only apparently superseded, whilst civilisation is invariably induced, by affording to mankind increased powers over the materials of the world. He hoped the men would discard the erroneous notion that capital is the foe of labour, and that, as the employers have expressed their willingness to consider any individual representations made in a fitting manner, this unhappy dispute may be arranged without prejudice to either party. It must be very pernicious influence that could render a body of such intelligent men so unobservant of the true laws regulating supply and demand, as to imagine they could control the prices of the labour necessary to produce those very labour-saving machines of their own manufacture, and which it is evidently their true interest to see multiplied. If their avowed objects were attained, the only result would be such an increased cost of machinery and such uncertainty in its production that either the trade would be driven to other countries, or the factories here must be manned by skilled foreign workmen, whose productions are even now scarcely second to ours.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.—The half-yearly meeting of this society was held on Wednesday, at the offices, Trafalgar-square; Mr. B. B. Cabell, M.P., in the chair. The following silver medals were awarded:—First—To Gunner and driver John Gray, who saved the life of private Vane, of the 55th Regiment, who was bathing in the Mediterranean. Second—W. Wilson Anstey; saved his father, Mr. W. J. Anstey, who had been pushed off the dock wall of the London Docks when about to go on board an emigrant vessel. Third—Mr. W. T. H. Julian and Wilson Boyd; saved Thomas Stevens, who had fallen overboard at Plymouth. Fourth—Mr. W. Wickham; saved a female infant that had fallen into the river Frome. Fifth—Lieutenant C. S. Stanhope, of H.M.S. *Asia*; saved a seaman named Cabings, belonging to the same ship. Sixth—Mr. P. Donor, resident engineer of the Boyne Navigation; saved private Kennedy, of the 9th Regiment. Seventh—Mr. W. H. Richards, B.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge; saved John Ledbury, who had fallen off the pier at Portsmouth. Eighth—Mr. W. C. Angove, fourth officer of the *Bentick*; saved Rebecca Hicks, who had fallen into the Southampton Docks. Ninth—Charles Burgess, railway guard; saved John Pemberton, engine-driver, who twice attempted suicide, upon occasion of the late unfortunate accident on the London and Brighton Railway, near Chichester. Tenth—T. T. Oldy; saved Mr. Vicary, who had been carried out to sea whilst bathing at Brighton. The receipts of the year amounted to £1890 8s. 3d., and the expenditure to £1795 7s. 3d. The bathers in the Serpentine during the year were 191,147. There had been 25 casualties, but only one had proved fatal.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—On Monday evening the ordinary meeting of the winter session took place; Mr. Fowler (the vice-president) in the chair. Professor Donaldson delivered an address on the subject of polychromy as applied to architecture by the ancients, with the view chiefly of drawing attention to a work of M. J. J. Hittorff, a distinguished architect of Paris, entitled "L'Architecture Polychrome chez les Grecs." The lecturer, whose remarks were illustrated by a large collection of beautiful coloured drawings, endeavoured to show that it was the general practice of the ancient Greeks and Romans to embellish the white surface of the exterior and interior of their temples and monuments with rich and diversified colouring, citing in support of this opinion the authority of many learned travellers who had carefully examined the interesting remains of the Parthenon, the Theseum, the Propylæa, &c., at Athens, and other classic cities.

THE BANKING INSTITUTE.—From the report read at Tuesday's meeting, at the rooms in Threadneedle-street, it appears that the institute is thriving. The governor of the Bank of England had offered to aid it, and liberal donations had been received. The reading-room was to be opened with a countant to the East of England Bank at Norwich, the prize of £100 for the best essay on the question, "In what manner can any of the articles collected at the Great Exhibition be rendered especially serviceable to the interest of practical banking?" Mr. Shaw read a paper on the law and practice of issuing cheques. The law was very unsatisfactory on the point, which ought to be definitely settled, as the custom was alike beneficial to the public and the banker. He gave an account of the Clearing House. Mr. Gilbert thought the mercantile and banking interest ought to apply to the Legislature to sanction the custom of crossing cheques, as it would tend to diminish the chances of forgery.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert presided on Wednesday morning at a meeting of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 of the Works of Industry of all Nations. His Royal Highness arrived at the New Palace of Westminster at eleven o'clock. The other Commissioners present were—Earl Granville, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, Sir Richard Westmacott, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Charles L. Eastlake, Sir William Cubitt, Mr. Barry, Mr. T. F. Gibson, Mr. John Gott, Mr. Pusey, M.P., Mr. Alderman Thompson, M.P., and Mr. Hopkins, President of the Geological Society. Mr. Scott Russell and Mr. Edgar Bowring, Secretaries of the Royal Commission, attended. Mr. Henry Cole and Mr. Charles W. Dilke, of this Executive Committee, were also present. The meeting broke up at one o'clock, when Prince Albert took his departure, and returned to Windsor Castle.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—At the last meeting of the committee of management of this hospital, a letter was read from Mr. W. H. C. Plowden, one of the directors of the East India Company, announcing his intention of placing at the disposal of that body the appointment of an assistant-surgeon in the Company's service, to be conferred on one of the students of the hospital, who is to be selected for his professional merits, and his correct and gentlemanly conduct. Such a noble and judicious exercise of patronage reflects credit, not only on Mr. Plowden, but also on the institution which he has thought worthy of his bounty.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, AT BROMPTON.—On Thursday a very full meeting was held of the committee of management of the above institution; the Hon. J. W. Percy in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, it was stated that the directors had determined on the establishment of a sanatorium in situation at Bournemouth, for the further improvement of convalescent patients, and that a committee was forming for the purpose of carrying out the distinctive objects of this branch of the charity. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had kindly consented to preside at the forthcoming annual festival, to be held at the Albion Tavern. It was also reported that the eastern wing of the edifice had been proceeded with to the extent of the second story, under the skilful superintendence of Mr. H. W. Cooper, of Wakefield-street, Regent-square; and every sanguine hope was entertained, that, by the continuation of the support hitherto given to this work of benevolence, the committee would be enabled to hasten its final completion. The usual vote of thanks having been passed, the meeting separated.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASYLUM.—The annual ball in aid of the funds of this institution took place on Wednesday night, and was remarkably well attended. Nearly 800 people assembled, and dancing was kept up with great spirit to a late hour. Among all the trades' charities in London this takes the lead, and it is even said to be the largest in the kingdom supported by voluntary contributions. It maintains no less than 130 separate tenements for decayed members of the licensed victuallers' fraternity, and the year which has just closed has seen it released from debt. This has been mainly accomplished by the liberality of the great brewers; and the efforts of the management are now directed towards the foundation of a suitable endowment fund. Mr. Sinclair, the chairman, exerted himself creditably on Wednesday night to promote the interests of the institution, which is an honour to the trade the destitute members of which it seeks to relieve.

ASYLUM FOR 'IDIOTS.'—One of the wards in the new asylum will be called "Dickenson Ward," the late Mr. Thomas Dickenson having bequeathed £2000, free of duty, to the building fund. Mr. C. Dixon has given a donation of £262 10s. There are now 170 candidates seeking admission, of whom only 15 can be received at present, owing to the want of accommodation in the present building.

ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.—Monday the annual meeting and election of children into this institution was held at the London Tavern; Mr. William Nottage, the treasurer, in the chair. The annual statement of receipts and expenditure was read, by which it appeared that a sum of £10,056 2s. 1d. had been received from subscriptions, donations, legacies, &c.; while the expenditure for the board and tuition of 295 children, and the other incidental expenses of the establishment, amounted to £7274 2s. 1d. A sum of £1932 10s. had been paid for the purchase of £2000 Three per Cent. Consols, and the balance in the bankers' hands was £349 10s. A legacy of £1000 from the late Thomas Dickenson, of Holloway, was announced; and it was also stated that the late Miss Severn, of Islington, had left the institution £7000 in money, besides a reversion of £3000 more. The election of 25 children was then proceeded with.

METROPOLITAN TYPOGRAPHICAL WIDOW AND ORPHAN FUND.—The second annual meeting of the members was held last Saturday, at the School-rooms, Harp-alley, Farringdon-street; Mr. Hartwell in the chair. The secretary read a highly-satisfactory statement of the proceedings of the past year, from which it appeared that the total number of members entered since the establishment of the society, in January, 1850, was 731; the total amount of subscriptions being upwards of £800. £320 had been paid to the widows or orphans of 16 deceased members during the past year, and, after deducting the working expenses of the fund, printing, secretary's salary, &c., a balance of nearly £400 was invested in the funds in the names of the trustees.

FEMALE EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—On Tuesday a large body of the members and friends of the Female Emigration Society proceeded to Gravesend, off which place the *Euphrates*, Captain Munro, 850 tons, was lying, to bid farewell to the twentieth party of emigrants about to proceed to Sydney under the auspices of the above society. The number of females to be sent out with this vessel is 60, of whom 55 embarked on Tuesday, and the other five will rejoin them on their arrival at Plymouth. They are all young women of the most unexceptionable character, their ages ranging from 18 to 30, the majority of them having been employed as domestic servants. The Hon. Mr. Sidney Herbert, M.P., addressed the emigrants in feeling terms.

BENEVOLENCE IN CHRISTCHURCH PARISH, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.—This parish during the present and preceding week has been the scene of several acts of benevolence and kindly feeling towards the working classes. On Monday last 680 children of the schools were assembled to have buns, milk, and oranges, and to be gratified with the exhibition of the magic lantern. They were subsequently addressed by the clergy, and sang hymns.

SOUTHWARK SOUP-KITCHEN.—Under the auspices of some of the respectable inhabitants of the district, a soup-kitchen has been recently opened in Gravel-lane, Southwark, where about 200 of the starving poor receive each a quart of soup, half a loaf of bread, and a small portion of beef. The soup-kitchen is at present open only one day in the week; but even this relief has come most seasonably to some of the many thousands of destitute families who swarm in the numerous lanes and courts of Lambeth and Southwark. Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the police magistrate of the district, has seconded the efforts of the managing committee. A benevolent lady has sent £5 to the treasurer, Mr. Brady, 86, Blackfriars-road; and the committee trust that the charity of the public will enable them to keep the soup-kitchen open during the inclement winter months.

PREVENTION OF MENDICANCY AND DESTITUTION IN THE METROPOLIS.—On Thursday a very numerous attended public meeting was held at the London Tavern—the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the chair—at which it was resolved, that the plan devised and tested by the committee of the Leicester-square Kitchen for preventing destitution and mendicancy in the metropolis, which it was proposed to extend to the City of London, was well designed to accomplish the end in view, and the gentlemen present pledged themselves to assist in carrying it out. Other resolutions of a similar tendency were also carried, and a list of subscriptions amounting to about £5000, with a promise from one gentleman to make up £3000 so soon as £2500 were subscribed.

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASHHOUSES.—The committee for promoting the establishment of baths and washhouses for the labouring classes have published returns, proving the complete success of their labours. During the year ended at Christmas, there have been in the metropolitan establishments 647,242 bathers, and 132,251 washers; the receipts from the former were £914 8s. 6d., and from the latter £1498 19s. 2d., making the total receipts £10,640 7s. 8d. The names of the establishments are, the Model (Whitechapel), St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. Marylebone, St. Margaret and St. John (Westminster), opened May 12, and Greenwich, opened Sept. 2. The George-street (Euston-square) establishment is not included in the above returns, as it is not conducted under the Public Baths and Washhouses Acts. There are two establishments in Liverpool, one in Hull, one at Bristol, and one at Birmingham. The increase in the last year at the Model (Whitechapel) has been 18,791 bathers, and 29,251 washers. The largest returns are from St. Martin's. The committee add, for the information of the inhabitants of small towns, that baths and washhouses may be erected at a cost of £2000, £4000, or £8000, exclusive of the charge for land.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.—On Tuesday evening, at the Music Hall, Store-street, the fourth meeting in aid of the St. Giles and St. George Ragged Schools was held; the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers in the chair. The Rev. T. Nolan, the Rev. W. Brock, Mr. Joseph Payne, and other gentlemen attended the meeting. The secretary read the report, which detailed the successes of the different schools in the two parishes, and from which it appeared that they were progressing favourably, and the average number attending them increased. There had been two sent out to Port Phillip since last report, making altogether 20 since the establishment of the schools—18 boys and 2 girls. The committee had fixed on a freehold property near Church-lane for the new school, contiguous to Short's-gardens and other parts of St. Giles's. The purchase-money of this would be £1800, and fitting up £600, making altogether £2400. £800 was in the hands of the committee for this purpose, and in addition the following donations were given:—Mrs. L., £150; Mr. S. Peto, M.P., £100; the Rev. H. Shepherd, £50; leaving £1300 still to be raised. The three schools were in Abbey-place, in Neale's-yard, and in Great Andrew-street. On the same evening the eighth annual meeting of the supporters of the Union Mews Ragged School was held in the school-room, Union-street, Middlesex Hospital; Mr. W. J. Maxwell in the chair. The report was satisfactory. Mr. John Green, the Rev. R. Redpath, Dr. Pope, Mr. Haselden, Mr. Gent, Mr. Short, and others addressed the meeting. It was resolved to establish a day school for younger children. The average number of voluntary teachers had been nine gentlemen and five ladies. The attendance at the Sunday evening school had increased. In the industrial classes they had an increase. Through the liberality of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Tract Society, the committee had increased the usefulness of the library by the introduction of new and interesting books. Nineteen boys and nineteen girls were now enjoying the benefit of this branch of the school. The average throughout the year had been thirteen boys and eleven girls. The committee acknowledged the grant of £20 from the Ragged School Union, a grant of books from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and from the Tract Society, and a large number of volumes from different patrons of the institution.

MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.—Captain Henry Hollinsworth has been recently appointed a Military Knight of Windsor. He served the campaign of 1799 in Holland; the Egyptian campaign of 1801; at the battle of Maida in 1806; campaign of 1808-9, including the battles of Vineola and Corunna; expedition to Walcheren in 1809; Peninsular campaigns from October, 1812, to end of 1814, including battle of Vittoria, battles of the Pyrenees, affairs on entering France, and battle of Orthez, in which he was severely wounded in the right thigh. Has received a war medal with nine clasps. In addition to this, we understand, that he has a son, a captain in the 10th Foot, at Mooltan, in 1843.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.—A deputation of directors from the General Cemetery Company, consisting of Mr. J. Griffith, Mr. A. Boeteur, Mr. A. J. Valpy, and Mr. Frederick Riviere (secretary), had an interview with Lord Seymour on Wednesday, at the office of Public Works and Buildings, in Whitehall-place.

AMSTERDAM WATER-WORKS COMPANY.—At a meeting on Wednesday, at the London Tavern, a proposition to enter into an arrangement for an amalgamation with the Haarlem Water Company was discussed at great length, but ultimately the motion was lost.

ALLIANCE MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—The report read at the annual meeting on Wednesday was satisfactory, and a dividend of 50s. per consolidated share for the ensuing year was declared.

ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN GOLD-MINING COMPANY.—The first general meeting took place on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern. There was a stormy discussion on the management, and the report complained of the acts of the late secretary. Resolutions were passed to empower the directors to recover from him the books and accounts.

GREAT COURT OF WARDMOTE.—The Lord Mayor presided in the Court of Aldermen last Monday, at the presentation of the various inquest presentments of the City. The absurdity of calling upon persons to serve on ward inquests to take a solemn oath, where there are really no duties to perform, is at length drawing attention. Modern arrangements, it appears, and especially the functions of the new police, have long since dispensed with the services of inhabitants of parishes as constables, flesh-tasters, ale-conners, and other obsolete offices. Opposite the office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, at the vestry-room, are yearly assemblages of householders within the Duchy of Lancaster jurisdiction, at which their time is uselessly taken up and fines are levied. The City solicitor exposed the cumbrous machinery of ward inquests, the existence of which is doomed in the City. It is intended to put down the swarms of gambling and horse-race betting houses in the City; Alderman Wiro stating, that, if the ward-clerk supplied the necessary evidence, he would prosecute.

CITY SEWERS COMMISSION.—At Tuesday's meeting, at Guildhall, Mr. Daw's new mode of auditing the accounts of the commission was approved of. A discussion took place on the trial of the street-orderly system in the City. Mr. Haywood, the surveyor, complained that it had not been fairly tried, there being a great deficiency in the number of men needed to duly perform the work, whilst some inspectors of pavements reported that the state of the streets was worse since the introduction of the orderly system. Eventually it was resolved that the contractors should be warned to fulfil their contracts, or they would be rescinded.

LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY.—Mr. Commissioner Fane presided at Monday night's meeting. After much discussion, the three following resolutions, moved by Mr. Stewart, were carried:—"1. That the present practice of commencing suits in Chancery before a judge, of referring either the whole or a part of the matters involved in the suit to the Master, and of reporting the Master's decision to the Court for its ultimate determination, is the cause of the greater part of the delay and expense of equity proceedings. 2. That suits in equity might be most advantageously disposed of by the judges sitting in court or in chambers, as might best suit the circumstances of the case. 3. That the office of Master in Chancery, as at present constituted, should be abolished; and that, with this view, vacancies in the office, as they occur, should not be filled up." On the third resolution there was much diversity of opinion, and it was only successful by the small majority of 12 to 11.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—From an official statement respecting the anchor of the schooner *Robert* coming in contact with the electric cable on the 3d inst. abroad Dover eastward, it appears that the commander was compelled to slip the chain, it having been found impossible to weigh the anchor, since was the strength of the electric cable of the telegraph, which has been since working in the most perfect manner.

THE MASTER ENGINEERS AND THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY.—The principal engineering firms of the metropolis discharged their hands and closed their works last Saturday. Some minor firms acquiesced in the propositions of the Amalgamated Society. Mr. Horn, machinist, of High-street, Whitechapel, was amongst the dissentients from the masters, but on Wednesday his establishment was suddenly closed. The employers have resolved that foremen and apprentices shall be allowed to continue at work, so as to avoid the full consequences of closing. The executive council issued an address on Saturday night, calling for an organisation to be commenced throughout the country, for workmen to work for themselves; and labourers and non-society men are invited to subscribe to assist the men out of work. On Monday, the engineers and machinists had a large meeting at St. Martin's Hall, illustrated and referred to elsewhere, at which the question of advancing £10,000 from their fund of £25,000, to carry out the co-operative principle, was discussed. The executive council addressed a reply to Lord Ingestree's arbitration proposition, declaring that they had resolved on self-employment. An amicable arrangement has been come to at Bristol between the employers and workmen. At various meetings held on Tuesday evening it was resolved to devote one day's wages per week towards the support of the engineers out of employment. The executive council met on the same night to organise committees and appoint treasurers to receive subscriptions. It is calculated that 11,000 hands are thrown out of employ in the Manchester district by the strike of the masters, and 12,000 in the London district. Of this 23,000, 7000 are members of the society. On Wednesday the masters issued a notice from Bucklersbury, signed by Mr. S. Smith, the secretary, announcing that the employers would remain firm in resisting the proceedings of the Amalgamated Society. The secretary asks from the provincial committees a statement of the rules and conditions on which, in their opinion, the establishments should recommence working, and urges that the various firms should stop their engines entirely for the present. The boiler-makers met on Wednesday night at the Lambeth Temperance Hall, and after hearing an address from Mr. Newton, as to the position and intentions of the council of the Amalgamated Society, agreed to the following resolution:—

That this meeting, feeling the injustice that has been done to the boiler-makers generally by the employers, pledges itself not to accept situations again under any conditions opposed to the interests of their trades' association.

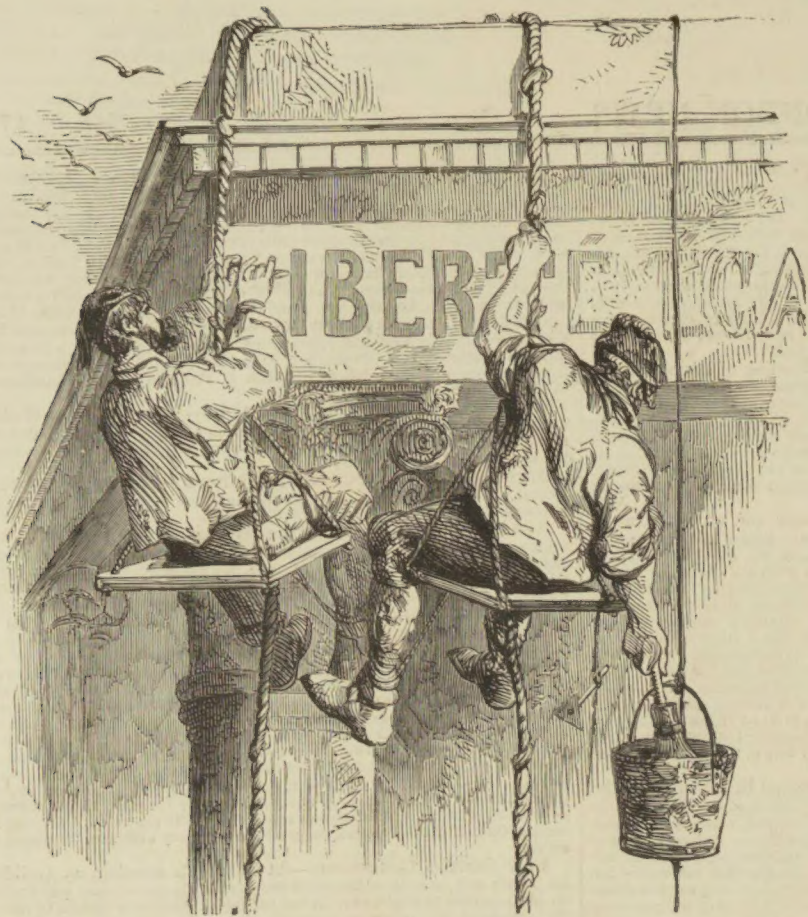
On Thursday additional meetings were held in various places, to carry out the appropriation of a day's wages as a weekly contribution to support the men out of employment. In some firms at Salford and Manchester the men discharged have been confined to those only who are members of the Amalgamated Society. The men at the different railway companies in the north were still at work.

FIRE AT EXETER HALL.—On Wednesday evening a fire broke out in the extensive vaults under Exeter Hall occupied by Messrs. Danks and Rodick, porter-merchants, but, assistance being at hand, no great damage was done. This circumstance in no way interrupted the "Thursday Concerts" and other business of the hall. While at this fire, the engines were required at Norwood, the premises of Mr. Teavee, furniture-broker, having taken fire, but the damage was inconsiderable.

DANGEROUS STATE OF PARLIAMENT-STREET AND NEW PALACE-YARD.—In the early part of the week the great thoroughfare from Whitehall along Parliament-street, and across New Palace-yard, was in a condition to reflect the greatest disgrace on the parties responsible for its maintenance. Immediately in front of the Duke of Buccleuch's grounds, in Whitehall, there was an accumulation of mud and water extending across the carriage-way to near the pavement in front of the Board of Trade and the Privy Council-office. As the omnibuses, cabs, coaches, carts, &c., drove through this slough, the foot-passenger was besmeared with mud and dirty water; and desperate indeed must have been his courage if, looking down upon the prospect before him in Parliament-street, he determined to advance on his journey to Westminster Hall. On one side of Parliament-street innumerable vehicles were imbedded in macadamised metal, while on the other side of the street conveyances were axle deep in ponds of thick water.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—In the week ending last Saturday, the 10th inst., the births of 808 boys and 734 girls, in all 1542 children, were registered in London. In the corresponding weeks of seven previous years the average was 1388. The deaths were—Males, 593; females, 518; in all, 1111. Compared with the corrected average of the increase of population, last week's return shows a decrease of mortality of 141. As regards epidemic diseases, the deaths have been in nearly the same proportion as the previous returns. Scarletina has declined from 41 to 26; there are 32 cases of death from smallpox, of which 27 were among children; 23 from measles, 42 from hooping-cough, 8 from croup, 2 by thrush, 18 by diarrhoea, 1 by dysentery, 2 by cholera, 3 by influenza, 45 by typhus, 15 by erysipelas, and 3 by rheumatic fever. Scarletina has prevailed more in Stepney than in any other district. In Shore-ditch and Whitechapel the cases of typhus and scarlatina have been numerous. The mortality from diseases of the respiratory organs has been 249; in the corresponding weeks of 1842-51 the deaths from this class ranged from 183 to 429; 121 died of bronchitis, 86 of pneumonia, 25 of asthma, and 7 of pleurisy. Mr. Watts, the registrar, observes that smallpox is prevailing at this time in almost every part of London. During the month of December exactly 110 patients were admitted to the Smallpox Hospital. The death of an aged female, aged eighty years, from natural decay, who was found wandering about the streets, unable to articulate her name, is recorded. The effect of solitary confinement acting on the nervous system is exemplified in the case of a printer, aged twenty-one years, who died in the workhouse, after fourteen days' imprisonment in the House of Correction, of cataplexy, his appearance being that of a statue. The returns from Islington East show a great waste of infantine life, 100 dying under five years of age, out of 213 registered since October 15th. Four deaths from carbuncle are specified, and three from intemperance.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean daily reading of the barometer was above 30 in. on Monday, and the mean of the week was 29.612 in. The mean temperature of the week was 40 deg., or about 4 deg. above the average of corresponding weeks in ten years. The mean daily temperature was highest on Wednesday and Thursday, when it was 45.4 deg. and 44 deg., which are respectively about 9 deg. and 8 deg. above the averages. It fell to 36.1 deg. and 34.8 deg. on Friday and Saturday, which are both rather below the average. The wind blew generally from the south-west.



REMOVAL OF THE INSCRIPTION "LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE."

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

THE mutations in Paris, consequent upon the election of Louis Napoleon, follow in sufficient variety to furnish our Artists with a succession of incidents for their sketch-books. The French capital is constant in nothing but perpetual change; so that, in following the example of time, there is abundant exercise for the graphic art. The first of the incidents here pictured is

ERASURE OF THE WORDS "LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE," FROM THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The instructions communicated by the Minister of the Interior, in his circular to the Prefect of the Seine, to efface the above words, and of which a decree of the Provisional Government had ordered the inscription some days after the Revolution of February, is now in progress of execution. Those three revolutionary watchwords had, in fact, been erased last year from the principal entrance to the Elysée, and the words "République Française," in large letters, were substituted.

The *Times* correspondent relates a characteristic exercise of this sweeping instruction:—

"There is, I believe, only one public monument in Paris—the Ecole de Droit—where the workmen employed in effacing that inscription will have a double duty. They will have to interfere with the 'Liberalism' of two generations. Immediately under the coat of yellow paint which covered the façade of the building, and on which time and the inclemency of the seasons have done their work, may still be traced, above the modern device, the following words, inscribed by order of the commune of Paris during the Reign of Terror—"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, Unité, Indivisibilité de la République Française." As the effacing of the inscription of 1848 is not now by means of whitewash or paint, but by erasure, both the inscriptions will disappear at the same moment."

The next scene is altogether of a gayer character, being the

STATE VISIT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON TO THE OPERA.

on Tuesday night (last week), when the Prince President attended a private performance of Meyerbeer's opera of the "Prophète," to which had been invited the Ministry, the army, and all the dignitaries of the Republic, including the mayors and delegates from the provinces. The performance was to commence at eight o'clock precisely, and a little after seven a moderate crowd besieged the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Rue Lepelletier, and lined the streets of the Faubourg St. Honoré and La Concorde on either side; the Gardes Municipales en attendant the arrival of the head of the Republic. There were no illuminations, except at the mouth of the Rue Lepelletier, where the corner house, opposite the *café Riche*, presented the significant number 7,494,592, in brilliant jets of gas, over posts at each corner of the street, and at the entry of the theatre. A little before eight o'clock the carriage of the President, preceded, surrounded, and followed by a detachment of cuirassiers, made its appearance, while there were scattered cries, on either side, of "Vive Napoleon!" as the vehicle approached the theatre. The President, on descending, was received by M. Rocqueplan, the manager, who had awaited his arrival at the steps of the portico.

Before Louis Napoleon had arrived the theatre was quite full, and when he entered his box the whole assembly stood up to do him honour. The acclamations were loud and general, the Prince President acknowledging the compliment. He was attired in the uniform of Lieutenant-General, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. He was attended by his uncle, Marshal Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal Excelsmans, the Ministers of War, the Interior, and Public Instruction. The General of the army in Paris (Magnan), the General-in-Chief of the army (Lawestine), Colonel Vieyra, and the other Ministers were stationed in immediate contiguity. The box occupied by Louis Napoleon, to the right of the entrance to the amphitheatre, almost in

the middle of the *salle*, was made out of three or four of the ordinary boxes, which had been displaced for the purpose. It was disposed in the form of a gorgeous *daïs*, with velvet hangings and gold ornaments, and projected over a portion of the amphitheatre. The *daïs* was surmounted by the huge effigy of an eagle with spread wings, in gold—an object recently discovered, among other relics of the Empire, in the possession of M. Vallette, an amateur of curiosities and articles of *vertu* and antiquity. The extra drop scene, which ordinarily divides two of the acts of the "Prophète," was replaced by a *rideau de circonstance*, representing France by the allegory of a woman seated on the globe, and adorned with allusions to December 20 and 21. Among other figures were flying angels, blowing the trumpet of renown, and carrying standards with the motto "Vox Populi vox Dei!" In the background was another gigantic eagle, with spread wings, and eyes fixed upon the sun. Around the amphitheatre immense tricoloured banners were attached to the columns, with the inscription "Honneur et Patrie." Upon the numerous banners hung in the *salle* and the *foyer* more than 120 eaglets were painted. The audience comprised a great display of military uniforms. There were comparatively few ladies, and many of these were attired in the fashion of the Empire. One of the most conspicuous for the beauty of her costume

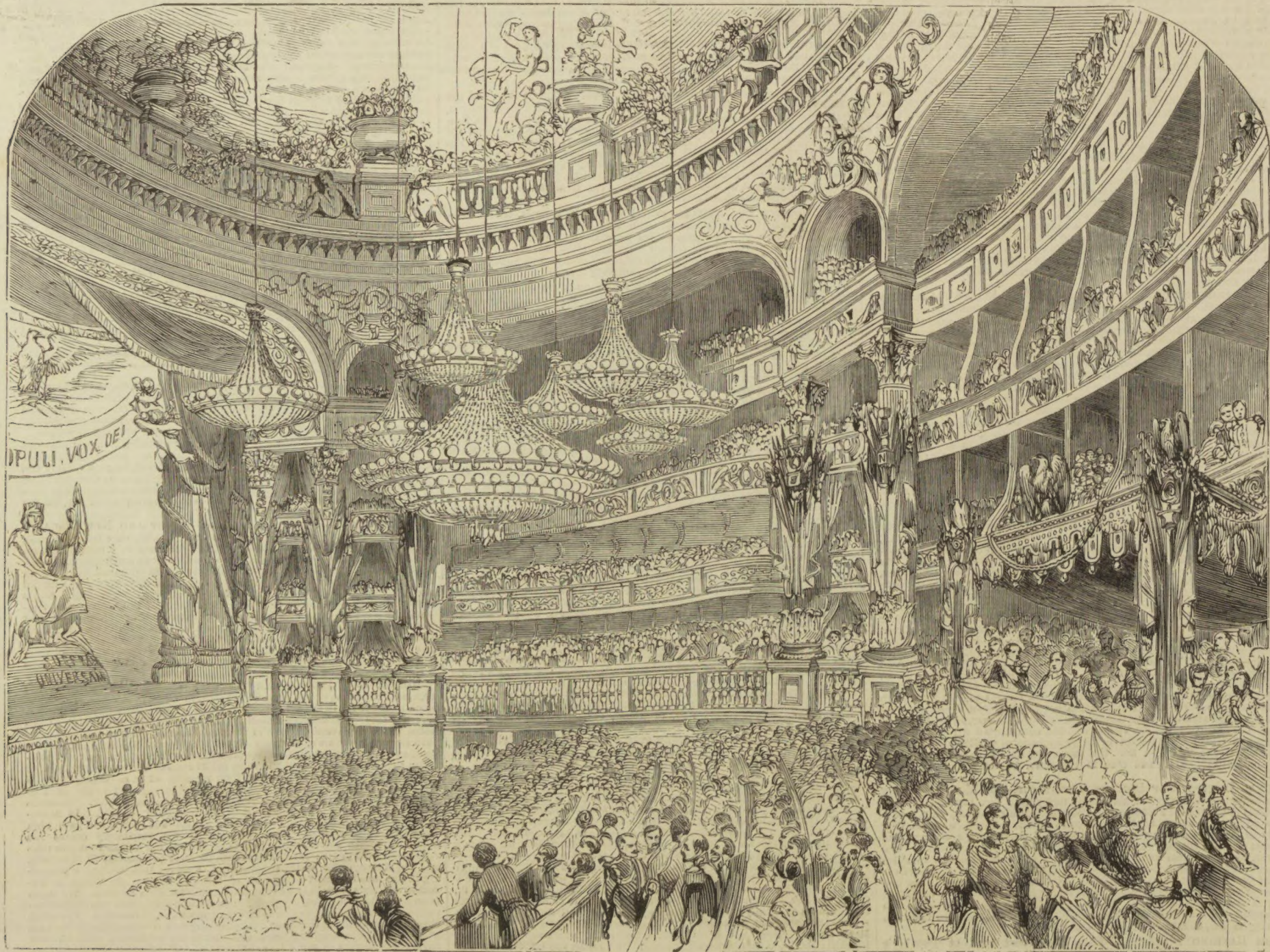


THE NEW FIVE-FRANC PIECE.

was the Princess Mathilde, cousin of Louis Napoleon, who occupied the box usually allotted to the President. In the *premières loges de balcon* were the Ambassadors of England and Turkey, the Ministers of Russia, Naples, Denmark, Spain, Prussia, America, &c.; in the amphitheatre stalls, the generals and colonels of the army; in the orchestra stalls, the mayors and delegates; while the wives of the Ambassadors and other ladies of distinction occupied conspicuous places and rivalled each other in the splendour and variety of their toilets, most of which, however, were more or less, especially in what concerned the *coiffure*, *style de l'Empire*. The *coup d'œil*, however, although the *salle* was lighted "au jour" with numberless lustres and candelabra, was as oppressive as it was gorgeous.

The execution of the opera of the "Prophète," the instrumental part excepted, was by no means above par. The principal *artistes* were Madame Tedesco (*Fides*), Mlle. Poinot (*Berthe*), M. Gueymard (*Jean de Leyden*), and M. Obin (*Zacharie*). The sole token of enthusiasm was that for the *pas* from "Vert vert," introduced by the new and successful dancer, Mlle. Priora, in the skating scene. The only real effect, however, was produced after the third act, when, the curtain falling, M. Girard waved his bow, and the band struck up alternately two airs from the opera of Gretry, "La Caravane du Caire," which were always performed when the great Napoleon went to the Opera. "La Victoire est à nous" (*achorus*), and the triumphal march. These antique tunes roused the generals, veterans, and mayors, and elevated the spirits of the soldiers. The sensation was profound, and its expression in keeping. The President listened to the opera throughout with studied attention, making very few remarks to those about him. He remained until the end, and, as he rose to depart, was cheered unanimously, and again returned the compliment with repeated obeisances. At his *sortie* he was received much in the same manner as on his arrival.

Besides the above scenes, we have engraved a specimen of the coinage which has just been issued, and which bears "the image and superscription" of the President.



STATE VISIT OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT LOUIS NAPOLEON TO THE OPERA.



A BRISK GALE AT SEA.—PAINTED BY BACKHUYSEN.—JUST ADDED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

FINE ARTS.

A BRISK GALE AT SEA. BY BACKHUYSEN.

THE accompanying Engraving is from the third of the recent additions to the National Gallery. It is a bequest of the late Charles Bredell, Esq., lately deceased, and was exhibited last season among the works of old masters at the British Institution. Possessing in an eminent degree

the best characteristics of Backhuysen, it has all his neat and finished, yet free, execution—his peculiar tint in cloud and sky—the exact proportion of his ships in receding perspective, and their ease and grace of position. The boat in the foreground contains, besides the ordinary Dutch sailors, certain cavaliers, habited in the slouched hat and cloak of the period. Their course is shaped so as to intercept one of the men-of-war following in each other's wake. The picture, from this incident, has been supposed to represent the champion of the United Provinces, De

Ruyter, going on board his ship. In the carefully-drawn wave-forms we see the result of a frequent practice with Backhuysen. We are told that, whenever he could procure men sufficiently resolute to second his professional enthusiasm, he would go to sea in stormy weather, to store his mind with grand images, and recruit his portfolio with studies made direct from nature, amid scenes that would have filled any other heart with terror. The truth and technical knowledge displayed in his pictures procured for this master a large share of public patronage. His



MEETING OF THE OPERATIVE ENGINEERS IN ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

drawings, even, were in great request, and often fetched as much as 100 guineas.

No painter was ever held in greater honour by crowned heads than Backhuysen. The King of Prussia was one of his visitors. The Czar Peter the Great, in particular, delighted to see him paint, and frequently attempted to copy vessels which he had designed.

Backhuysen was born at Embden, in 1691, and died in 1769.

MEETING OF OPERATIVE ENGINEERS AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

On Monday there was a very numerous meeting of the engineers and machinists now thrown out of employment by the resolutions of the masters to resist the demands of the Amalgamated Society. St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, was crowded to excess. Viscount Godolphin and several other gentlemen were present, but took no part in the proceedings, and his Lordship and his friends left before they were concluded. Mr. Musto, the Chairman of the Executive Council, being absent from indisposition, Mr. Thomas Cornack, one of the members, took the chair. Mr. George Usher moved and Mr. Potts seconded the following resolution:—"That many of the employers of London and Manchester having closed their workshops, this meeting is of opinion that their conduct is unjust and particularly oppressive to non-members and labourers, and pledges itself to use every exertion in obtaining subscriptions in behalf of all who are thrown out of employment." Mr. W. Newton was the next speaker. He denounced articles that had been published in a daily and in a weekly paper, attributing the authorship in the latter to Mr. S. Sney Smith, the secretary to the Masters' Association. He denied that the council had sanctioned in any manner the demand that labourers working at machines should be dismissed. The effect of the resolutions of the masters would be to drive the workmen to establish workshops for themselves, and he was quite confident as to the success of their labours. All the workmen wanted was for the masters to meet them and discuss amicably their differences; but the masters refused, and discharged the men who came to them as deputation. The workmen had not struck; they did not want strikes; they never contemplated strikes; they repudiated emphatically such a course; but in this case the masters had taken the initiative by striking themselves. Other societies, such as the boiler-makers and moulders, were making common cause with the engineers. The employers had made no provision for non-society men. The masters could not supply the places of 12,000 skilful, industrious men by unskilful labourers, and must have the old hands back. The workmen had the offer of capital at four or five per cent., and of factories with the full complement of tools. There was every reason to hope that the men who were out might be kept without touching the general fund, as the number was fewer than was imagined. Many masters in London were keeping open their workshops. Less than a day's wages of the employed men would support those out of work. Several noblemen and gentlemen had offered to become trustees for the funds to be collected; and they had now on the platform Lord Godolphin and several other gentlemen, whose every-day life was to find out the evils of society, and to apply a remedy for them. With the sanction of such men, they had a fair right to go before the public for support. He called upon the men out of employ to act with moderation, to be prudent and discreet, to do what was just in the eye of the law, as many masters would be glad to lay hold of a few members of the council. There must be no threats, no intimidation—the employers were welcome to picket the club-houses of the mechanics; their meetings were open, whilst those of the masters were with closed doors. After a few words from Mr. Barrie, Mr. Bradburn moved, and Mr. John Reid seconded, the following resolution:—"As a means of removing the evils which beset the condition of working men in relation to the unjust conduct of employers, we recommend the principle of self-employment on a co-operative basis; and this meeting is of opinion that workshops should be immediately commenced by the workmen themselves, in order that the business of the country may be proceeded with." Mr. Reid stated that fifteen years ago, when the workmen were in a hostile position with the masters, the latter treated them with courtesy, but now the employers had a secretary who stood in the way of accommodation. A workman having risen and stated that he was a non-society man, but that his heart was in the present movement if they would support him, the chairman declared that the society would support him and all like him, although they were not members. The resolutions were carried, and three cheers given for the press; but the proposition for three cheers to Mr. Newton was only partially responded to, and there was hissing mixed with it.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Monday was the opening of Hilary Term, the first day falling on Sunday. There were only two motions in the Court of Queen's Bench; and the new trial paper, containing a list of twenty-six cases, was therefore proceeded with. The Court refused a list to show cause for a new trial in the case of Baker, the parliamentary agent, v. Mr. Gregory, and the latter is therefore rendered responsible for the costs in the petition against the return of Mr. Reynolds for Dublin.

The January general quarterly Middlesex sessions were resumed on Monday, at the Guildhall, Westminster, by adjournment from Clerkenwell. Mr. Serjeant Adams, the assistant Judge, in his charge to the Grand Jury, pointed out the great advantages that had followed the restoration of the ancient jurisdiction of that court; a saving of £2500 to the country had already been made, and much time and inconvenience spared for prosecutors and witnesses. The minor criminal cases disposed of relieved the business of the Central Criminal Court materially. The calendar contained 83 cases—9 of misdemeanour, and 74 of larceny.

Before Mr. Justice Erle, in the Bail Court, on Tuesday, the action brought by Mr. Abraham (agent of the Duke of Norfolk), the eminent architect who projected the Westminster improvements, against Mr. Wyld, M.P., the geographer of Charing-cross, and proprietor of the "Globe" in Leicester-square, was tried. The plaintiff sought to recover £430 for work done in making drawings and plans, and in overseeing the erection of the "Great Globe" building. Mr. Wyld paid £200 into court, and denied his liability. Both the plaintiff and defendant gave evidence in the case, which was one of a complicated account and disputed authority. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff for £75 damages above the sum paid into court.

At the sittings in Banco, on Wednesday, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell delivered judgment in respect to the rating of the United Service Institution by the parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The court unanimously confirmed the assessment of the parish and of the quarter sessions; the exemption claimed by the institution under the 6th and 7th Vic., cap. 36, as a scientific and literary society, was overruled.

Miss Hoare moved in person, in the Court of Exchequer, on Wednesday, for a rule to set aside the verdict returned in the action for libel by herself against the proprietor of the *Morning Herald*, on the ground of misdirection on the part of the Lord Chief Baron, of rejection of admissible evidence, and of reception of inadmissible evidence. The judges unanimously refused the rule.

PLAINTS IN COUNTY COURTS.—It appears from Parliamentary paper, that in 1848, 1849, and 1850, there were 1,212,595 plaints entered in county courts—427,611 in 1848, 333,191 in 1849, and 395,793 in 1850.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.—The undermentioned gentlemen have been called to the bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple: William Ramsay, Esq., Q.C.; Graham Willmore, Esq., Q.C.; Frederick William Slade, Esq., Q.C.; James Anderson, Esq., Q.C.; Hugh Hill, Esq., Q.C.; and William Kodon Rennals, Esq.

LEGAL STATISTICS.—It appears from returns to Parliament, that in 1819 there were 28,734 writs issued by the Court of Queen's Bench, 16,033 by the Common Pleas, and 40,043 by the Exchequer. These are stated to be on mesne process; while in the county courts in the same year there were 395,191 plaints entered.

"JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE."—The Common Law Commissioners recommend that these celebrated legal characters in actions of ejectment should cease to exist. The proceedings, they state, ought to be simple and speedy, but they are neither the one nor the other. They are not simple, because there are several fictions; "for example, the existence of Richard Roe, the lease to John Doe, the entry of John Doe, the trespass by Richard Roe, and in some cases the original writ; none of which things really exists, and none of which ought to be stated."

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

PLYMOUTH.—In addition to the four candidates for representing the borough, viz. Lord Ebrington, Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. R. P. Collier, and Mr. Braine, it is rumoured that a gentleman connected with one of the county members will offer himself to the notice of the electors whenever a dissolution takes place.—*Exeter Gazette.*

SHEFFIELD.—At the annual *soirée* of the Mechanics' Institution, Mr. John Parker and Mr. J. A. Roebuck, the members for the borough, were present, and addressed the assembly on the question of education; the former a sting, that, if the people were educated, it mattered little how or by whom it was done. Mr. Roebuck commented on Lord John Russell's reply to the Manchester deputation—that the time had not yet come, after the Reform Bill had been passed 20 years. He hoped the time was about to arrive when the real intellect of the country, the real philanthropy of the people, would come and put down all sectarian opposition, and that we should not need the Mechanics' Institution to instruct, but a national system of education to elevate, direct, and render the population worthy of the name of Englishmen.

A letter from Rome, in the *Cattolico* of Genoa, has the following:—"It is said that, in his autograph letter to the Holy Father, Prince Louis Napoleon has avowed his sentiments of filial devotedness in the strongest terms, and declares he will make every effort to put down Socialism. It is added that an eminent personage having waited upon the Prince had a long conversation with him, in which the Prince said to him, 'Understand me well; I am of the religion of the Pope; I know I am only here provisionally, but I hope I shall remain here long enough to stifle the two monsters of Socialism and of the Revolution.'"

The number of recruits enlisted and approved for service in the Royal Marines during the six months ending December, 1851, was 286.

MUSIC.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary festival of this ancient society, established in 1741, was celebrated on Thursday night, in Freemasons' Hall; General Lord Saltoun, the president, in the chair. The selection comprised Croft's "We will rejoice;" Palestrina's "By the waters of Babylon;" "In thee O Lord," Nicholson's "Spring comes again;" Wilbye's "When Chloris heard;" Thibaut's "Tether morning;" Ward's "Upon a bank;" Luca Marenzio's "Stay I'mpud stream;" Gibbons' "Oh that the learned poets;" Byrd's "Come let us sing;" Pilkington's "I sigh still doom'd," Farmer's "To take the air," Bennett's "Thyrsis, sleepst thou?" and Saville's "Waits."

The execution of the above pieces was generally steady and artistic, and those madrigals which were gone over a second time experienced the benefit of the repetition. Palestrina's motet for four voices (1570) is a gorgeous strain of rich yet simple harmony. Dr. Croft's anthem might have been spared, as two ecclesiastical works in succession were scarcely in accordance with a madrigalian selection. Wilbye's "When Chloris heard" was the gem of the scheme—it is a magnificent conception. The melody of Thibaut, King of Navarre, is to be found in Dr. Burney's "History of Music;" but it was a mistake to include it amongst standard madrigals, merely because it has been harmonised in modern times. O. Gibbons' composition was a great treat.

Upwards of 100 persons were at the banquet, and the gallery was filled with ladies. The choir comprised, after it was organised, when "Non Nobis Domine" had been beautifully given, 10 cantos, 15 altos, 23 tenors, and 42 basses—in all, 90 voices.

Mr. Riverdale Grenfell proposed Lord Saltoun's health, which was drunk with enthusiasm, and acknowledged with feeling by the gallant veteran, who gave the health of the acting executive of the society, the Hon. Mr. O'Callaghan, Mr. Baumer, Mr. Bishop, Mr. King (the conductor), Mr. T. Oliphant (the secretary), and Mr. Reppingham. Mr. Oliphant returned thanks in a facetious address.

Amongst the amateurs and professors who were present were Major Oliphant, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Lowndes, Herr Pauer, Sir George Smart, Messrs. Marshall, Salomons, Dixon, Robertson, Hogarth, Grinewald, Whithorn, Hobbs, Lefflor, J. Bennett, Machin, Ella, J. L. Hutton, Lucas, Howell, C. Potter, Hullah, Smith, Evans, Gypson, Lyon, Rowe, Brownsmith, Martin, Coward, Turle, K. Taylor, Goss, H. Leslie, W. Broadwood, Addison, Bailey, Hall, Helmore, &c.

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREE CLASSIQUE.

Mr. Aguilar, the pianist and composer, gave his first *soirée* of classical piano-forte music on Tuesday, at the Queen Anne-street Rooms. His performances were confined exclusively to the works of Beethoven, comprising the sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, of the set dedicated to Haydn; the celebrated moonlight sonata, in C sharp minor; and the sonata, Op. 30, No. 1, in D, for pianoforte and violin. Herr Jansa, from Vienna, was honourably associated with Mr. Aguilar in the last-mentioned work. Mr. Aguilar is a careful and conscientious player, who thoroughly comprehends the conceptions of Beethoven. There are known compositions of Mr. Aguilar which prove him to be an able musician; but he must be warned against idol-worship, than which nothing can be more disastrous for art progress, and it is, therefore, to be hoped he will diversify his programmes, if they are to exhibit variety of style and colouring, the great secret of a well-selected scheme. In addition to the three sonatas, Mr. Aguilar executed, with no ordinary grace and finish, "La Primavera," and the prelude in A flat of Beethoven. Miss Ursula Barclay sang, between the instrumental pieces, a pretty ballad by Mr. Aguilar, "Come, let me wander," and an air by Beethoven, with good taste and feeling.

If Mr. Aguilar will vary his programmes, by introducing some of the works of the great masters, and not devote his attention exclusively to Beethoven, his *soirées* will be very acceptable, as he has the mechanical attributes and musical intelligence to interpret conceptions of every school.

CITY WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

Under the direction of M. Billet and a committee of gentlemen, a series of six classical and miscellaneous vocal and instrumental evening concerts, to be given fortnightly, commenced on Wednesday, at Crosby Hall. It is proposed that the first part of each programme shall be exclusively devoted to selections from the great masters, and the second part to miscellaneous gleanings from the works of favourite composers of the day, native and foreign, of acknowledged reputation, although not ranking as classics. This notion is conceived in a liberal spirit, and is a step in the right direction. In the opening scheme there were Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, played by M. Billet (piano), Herr Jansa (violin), and Herr Lutgen (violincello); a selection of studies by Chopin, Thalberg, and Moscheles, performed by M. Billet; and Beethoven's andante and variations from the Kratzer Sonata in A minor of Beethoven, executed by MM. Billet and Jansa. In the second part, Signor Briccialdi played a flute fantasia, and Mr. F. Chatterton a harp solo. The vocalists were Miss Helen Candell, Miss Dolby, the Misses Cole, and Mr. Turner Hardis, a baritone, who sang pieces by Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossi, Bellini, Linley, E. J. Loder, and Kucken—Mr. Aguilar being the accompanist.

OPERA AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Next Thursday night the lessee will commence his operatic campaign with Auber's popular opera, "Fra Diavolo," supported by Mr. Sims Reeves as the brigand, Mr. Whitworth as Lord Allicash; Mr. Manvers, Lorenzo; Mr. Maller, Jachimo; Mrs. Sims Reeves, Zerlina; and Miss Priscilla Horton, Lady Allicash. On the following night, Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" will be produced, with Mme. Garcia as Alice; Miss Crichton, the Princess; M. Fodor, Robert; Mr. Manvers, Raimbaut; and Mr. Drayton, Bertram. The new ballet of "Vert-Vert," and Balie's new opera, are also in active preparation. Miss Helen Faucit will make her first appearance this season next Monday, as Juliet.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

Herr Sommer repeated his performances on the sommerophone, his newly-invented instrument, on Monday and Tuesday, at St. Martin's Hall; and the Hungarian band executed their admirable dance pieces. This company do not play, as it has been erroneously stated by some of our contemporaries, on sommerophonic instruments; they perform with a mixture of stringed, wood, and brass instruments, like the ordinary German orchestras organised for dance music. The quality and quantity of these well-disciplined Hungarian instrumentalists were described in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of the 31st inst.

The third of the London Thursday Concerts took place at Exeter Hall on the 15th. There was the addition of Mr. Waddell's band of the 1st Life Guards to the madrigal choir. Miss Hanford, Miss Stewart, Miss Binkes, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Bodda were the vocalists.

An evening concert was given last night at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the benefit of the workmen who lost their tools at Collard's fire. Mr. F. Mori was the conductor. The following artists tendered their gratuitous aid:—Messrs. W. S. Bennett, Osborne, L. Sloper, and Szekely (piano), Mr. J. B. Chatterton (harp), Mr. G. Case (concertina), Mr. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Lucas (violincello), Mr. Howell (double bass), Misses Birch, E. Birch, Barclay, Dooby, Madame F. Lablache, Messrs. Hobbs, Manvers, Wrighton, Benson, Whitworth, and Signor F. Lablache.

On Monday the English Glee and Madrigal Union will commence a series of four evening concerts at Willis's Rooms.

On Wednesday Mr. John Hullah will resume his Monthly Concerts of Ancient and Modern Music: Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, H. Leslie's Festival Anthem, and Haendel's cantata, "Alexander's Feast," are included in the programme.

A new comic opera, the music by Mr. Howard Glover, and the *libretto* by Mr. John Oxenford, will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre next week.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

The management have wisely determined on deferring the production of "Antony and Cleopatra" until Miss Glyn's return from her Glasgow engagement, thus allowing themselves time to prepare for its proper representation.

ADELPHI.

Mr. Silsbee has here appeared in a new character, *Hiram Dodge*, in Mr. Bernard's farce of "The Yankee Pedlar." This new experiment of Mr. Silsbee's powers has proved quite successful.

OLYMPIC.

On Thursday a new farce, by Mr. Banks, called "Organic Affection," was successfully produced. The plot turns on the *ruse* of a doctor to save a young man from the excitement consequent on suddenly coming into a large fortune, by informing him that he has a disease of the heart, which such excitement will fatally increase. He therefore avoids falling in love, except with a young woman whom he supposes to be blind and ugly, but who proves otherwise. The doctor confesses the trick, and all parties are made happy. Mr. Compton was the hero, *Sir Doublequill Bunn*, and threw into the representation a world of humour. The part of a French actress, *Mlle. Joliet-Jambe*, was also well acted by Mrs. Alfred Phillips. Miss Julia Glover, as *Penelope Ashton*, was charming.

A Mrs. Mead has made her *début* here in the part of *Portia*, to Mr. H. Farren's *Shylock*. The performance was of that negative kind which precludes the possibility of a positive opinion.

Miss Edith Heraud appears next Monday and Wednesday at the Woolwich Theatre, in the parts of the *Lady of Lyons* and *Lady Macbeth*. She will be supported, as before, by Mr. H. Betty, and, doubtless, with the same results as on the former occasion—houses crowded to excess, notwithstanding the doubling of the prices of admission.

MUNICIPAL BOROUGH.—On Wednesday a Parliamentary paper was issued, containing a return of the accounts of boroughs in England and Wales for one year, from the 1st of September, 1849, to the 31st of August, 1850. The receipts, including balance in hand, for England were £1,074,963 15s. 4d., and for Wales, £21,733 2s. 2d., making £1,096,696 17s. 6d.; and the expenditure for England was £1,053,523 3s. 0d., and for Wales, £19,340 3s. 7d., making £1,072,863 6s. 8d.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE "PRESERVED" NAVAL STORES.

The examination of the "preserved" meats for the navy has been resumed this week at the Clarence Victualling-yard, Portsmouth, by the board of examiners appointed by the Admiralty, and with the same results as last week.

The following proceedings of Tuesday may serve as an instance of what was brought to light on each day's investigation. Eighteen cases, each containing from 10 lb. to 10½ lb., were opened before one was found containing food fit for human sustenance. The following reports were made in reference to several of the cases opened, and they applied, with some unimportant variations, to the great majority of those condemned as "bad":—"5½ lb. of heart, tongue, and garbage" (the whole being in a putrid state); "ligaments and tendons;" "a whole kidney perfectly putrid;" "a mass of pulp" (this description was given of numbers of cases); "putrid—quite green;" "3 lb. of heart and half a pound of tendon;" "one half tongue, palate, and ligaments—all putrid" (this was also a frequent description); "lumps of tallow, each half a pound weight;" "a whole kidney, with tongue, palate, and tendon—all putrid;" "roots of tongue and large quantities of coagulated blood;" "putrid, one mass of corruption;" "bad—quantities of effluvia;" "3 kidneys, sweetbread, 2 tongues, and mass of tallow;" "tongue" (this was certainly not a bullock's—it was considered to be either a sheep's or a dog's tongue); "a whole heart" (not a bullock's, from the size); "tallow, an entire tongue quite rotten, and garbage" (in this canister there was not a quarter of a pound of beef); "putrid tongue and palate, and 1 lb. of ligament;" "all tongue, in a frightfully putrid state;" "heart and a large lump of leather;" "bullock's cheek, quite putrid;" "ligaments of the neck, with effluvia;" "altogether rotten" (this was a frequent description); "2 lb. of tongue, with sweetbread." A smaller canister, containing six pounds, and which was intended as food for eight men for a day, was filled with a lot of ligaments, lumps of fat, or rather tallow, palate, &c. The large quantity of 306 canisters was opened on Tuesday, averaging full 10 lb. weight each, and the following were the practical results arrived at:—

Totally unfit for food		Canisters.		lb.	
Estable	264	..	2640
Larger quantity was taken out to Spithead and thrown into the sea, and the remainder given to the poor.	42	..	420

In many of the cases it appeared that putridity had arisen from the atmosphere not being thoroughly expelled previously to the meat being put in, whilst in others there were indications of the animal having either died from disease, or of its having been slaughtered in a very inefficient manner. In all, the curing and manufacture were defective. The stench arising from the examination of such a mass of putridity was so great, that it was impossible for the officials to carry out their duty without frequent and copious supplies of chloride of lime to the floor. Now and then a canister would emit such an odious stench as to cause all operations to be suspended for some minutes; and one was so overpowering that the examiners and their assistants had to beat a hasty retreat from the roomy and well-ventilated store in which they were to another part of the building.

THE KAFFIR WAR.—Sir Harry Smith has been superseded in the government of the Cape of Good Hope by Major-General the Hon. George Cathcart. The new Governor was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Quatre Bras and at the battle of Waterloo, and late Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower. He has written largely on the science of war. He entered the service in 1810, and was born on the 12th of May, 1794. In the years 1813-14 Lieutenant Cathcart was aide-de-camp to his father, Lord Cathcart, who was English Commissary to the allied armies. He was present at Lutzen, Bantzen, Dresden, and Leipsic in 1813, and throughout the advance into France in the early part of 1814. He has been, therefore, witness of the gigantic military operations of the great German campaign of 1813. The Major-General is third son of the late and brother to the present Earl Cathcart, a general officer, who was Commander-in-Chief in Canada, and was subsequently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the northern district. General George Cathcart was promoted at the last Brevet. He commanded, as Lieut.-Colonel, the 8th, or Queen's Own, in the West Indies, and in North America for many years; and when the rebellion broke out in Canada in 1838 he went out to that country as commanding officer of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and had the entire command of the outposts of General Lord Seton's army during the harassing campaign, for the duties of which he received the marked approbation of the Commander-in-Chief. The *Globe* of Tuesday night announces, that a Lieutenant-Governor is about to be appointed to the Cape of Good Hope, to conduct the civil business of the colony during the absence of the Governor at the seat of war. On Wednesday despatches were sent off from the Colonial-office to the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. "The new Governor (says the *Edinburgh Courier*) springs from a race of warriors. No Scottish house, perhaps, has given more soldiers to the camp than that which traces its descent from the Bruce's companion-in-arms, the good knight Sir Alan of Cathcart. The grandfather of the Governor of the Cape fought at Fontenoy. His father died at sea, on his way to assume the command of the British forces in North America in 1740; and his son, in 1807, received the thanks of Parliament for his services in the affair of Copenhagen." We understand that the newly-appointed Governor will leave in the course of a fortnight. Her Majesty's steam-sloop *Hydra* will be commissioned at Sheerness for the purpose of conveying the gallant General to the seat of his Government.

MILITARY CAMPS ROUND LONDON, AND OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—"We have authority to state that there is no foundation whatever for the paragraph which has appeared under this heading in many of the London daily papers."—*Morning Post* of Thursday. "We may confidently assert," states the *Morning Herald* of Thursday, "that not a single ship nor a single seaman has been added to the regular force; and we are convinced that no orders of any kind have been issued for raising any new fortification, nor have any new defensive preparations been made in consequence of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon."

AUGMENTATION OF THE ARMY.—The Artillery service is to be augmented by 24 companies, or about 2400 men; and, it is said, the regiments of the line by 10,000 men. The military authorities have decided on the reduction of the Coventry district on the 31st of March next, from which date also the headquarters of the Leeds district will be removed to York. The districts of England will then consist of four—York, Liverpool, Bristol, and London; leaving the Irish and Scotch districts as at present. The abolition of the recruiting district at Coventry will effect a saving of above £2000 a year.

THE GUARDS.—It has been shown that during a period of five years 383 men have been enlisted for the infantry brigade of Guards, and that out of that number 481 men were rejected upon their arrival at head-quarters. In five years 892 men have been discharged from the Foot Guards at their own request, and the sum paid for their discharges was £7274; and, after deducting the amount of levy money allowed to replace them, a balance of £3666 19s. 6d. was paid by the Secretary at War to the credit of the public.

ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM.—Col. Slade, to whom the commandantship of the Military Asylum at Chelsea had been offered, has refused the appointment. It is understood, however, that the colonel will probably obtain a recruiting district next April. In this case the command of the 90th Regiment will of course be vacated. Several officers have been named as successors to Major-General P. Brown at Chelsea, but we understand nothing has yet been decided.

The *Megara* troop-ship, Commander J. C. Barlow, having had her defects repaired, sailed on Wednesday week for the Cape of Good Hope with the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Buller, on board.

THE MONTHLY MAIL LINE OF SCREW STEAMERS.—The contract for the monthly mail line of screw steamers, from and to England and the west coast of Africa, which was advertised by the Admiralty in September last, has been taken by Mr. Macgregor Laird. It is for nine years, at an average payment of £21,000 per annum. The places touched at will be Madeira, Tenerife, Goree, River Gambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, Accra, Whydah, Badagry, Lagos, Bonny, Calabar, Cameroons, and Fernando Po, making the total distance out and home 9000 miles, which, including stoppages, will be performed in from 58 to 60 days. The speed of the vessels is to average eight knots, their size will be about 700 tons, and they are to be constructed of iron.

AMERICAN FIREARMS FOR THE CAPE.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have caused Sir Charles Trevelyan, one of their Lordships' secretaries, to communicate to the Commissioners of Customs their Lordships desire for immediate directions to be given for permitting Colonel Colt to export to the Cape of Good Hope certain cases containing about 450 revolving firearms of various sizes, with the bullet-moulds, &c., complete, now in the Great Exhibition Building in Hyde Park, the same being intended for the use of officers serving in that colony; and the authorities have given the necessary directions for ensuring a compliance with their Lordships' wishes in the matter.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Bingham, Secretary of Legation at Turin, is appointed Secretary of Legation at Lisbon. Mr. S. W. Erskine, paid *attaché* at Brussels, is appointed Secretary of Legation at Turin.

SARAH ANN HILLS.—The Home Secretary granted, on the 9th inst., a respite for a week of the execution of this unfortunate woman, now under sentence of death in York Castle.

EARLY-CLOSING MOVEMENT IN THE IRON TRADE.—Nearly all the large firms have announced, that on and after Monday, the 19th inst., business will close at 6 P.M., and on Saturdays at 5 P.M., instead of 7 as heretofore.

SINGULAR BEETLES.—The forests of oaks in the district of Montono, near Trieste, have of late been infested by an extremely small beetle, which pierces an infinity of small holes in trees to the very centre, and renders them unfit for any other use than that of fuel. The damage already done is estimated at several million florins, and it is not known how it can be checked.

Mr. Roundell Palmer, M.P. for Plymouth, delivered on the 9th inst. a lecture on the connexion of poetry with history, to the inhabitants of Plymouth. On the 27th inst. Mr. Walter, M.P., will deliver a lecture at the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, on the "Life and Death of Socrates."

The English Government has taken up the case of the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily News*, who was expelled from Berlin, and explanations have been demanded of the Prussian Government.

been never to sleep in a bed, but merely to stretch himself in his clothes on the shavings of his workshop.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

We resume our Illustrations of the "Choice Examples" in the Exhibition with the superb Jewel-case, one of the costly works exhibited by her Majesty the Queen, and thus described in the catalogue:—

JEWEL-CASE, IN THE CINQUE-CENTO STYLE.

Designed by L. Gruner, Esq., and executed at the manufactory of Mr. Henry Elkington, at Birmingham. The material is bronze, gilt and silvered by electrolytic process. Upon this case are portraits on china of her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, copied from miniatures by R. Thornburn, Esq., A.R.A. The small medallions, representing profiles of their Royal Highnesses the Princes and Princesses, were modelled from life by Leonard Wyon, Esq.

Next is the small

GOLD VASE, MADE BY SEYMOUR AND SON,

of Gerrard-street, Soho. This vase bears enamelled portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, in imitation of cameos. The transparent enamel colours on the body of the vase are the red or ruby-coloured enamel, green, and blue; in the neck is the turquoise-coloured enamel. These colours are all made by the exhibitors, and may safely challenge comparison with anything of the kind ever produced, the ruby colour in particular is perfect. The portraits are painted by J. Haslem. It should be added, that in the Great Exhibition Building the ruby red was injured by the yellow tone given to the light by its passing through the canvas with which the roof was covered; this is a remark which will also apply to many other colours: the light in the North Gallery would, doubtless, have been much more suitable for goldsmiths' work.

TOILET-GLASS, MADE FOR HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND. W. POTTS, BIRMINGHAM.

We believe this toilet-glass is one of the largest pieces of ornamental casting in bronze of this genre executed in England. Its design and workmanship reflect the highest credit on its spirited manufacturer. The idea evidently sought to be carried out is, a couple of nereids, sitting on marine plants, arranging their toilet. The upper part of the frame is enriched with the monogram, motto, and coronet of the noble Lady. Two herons also grace the top, holding in their beaks chains, whence are pendent *brûle-parfums* of elegant form. Springing from foliage of the lower part of the design are two pairs of branches for wax lights, partaking of the same floral character; between these, supported on very elegant scroll-work, are three perfume-bottles of cut glass. The figures of the nereids are of Parian.



ENAMELLED GOLD VASE, MADE BY SEYMOUR AND SON.

WOOD CARVING, "SPRING." BY WALLIS, OF LOUTH.

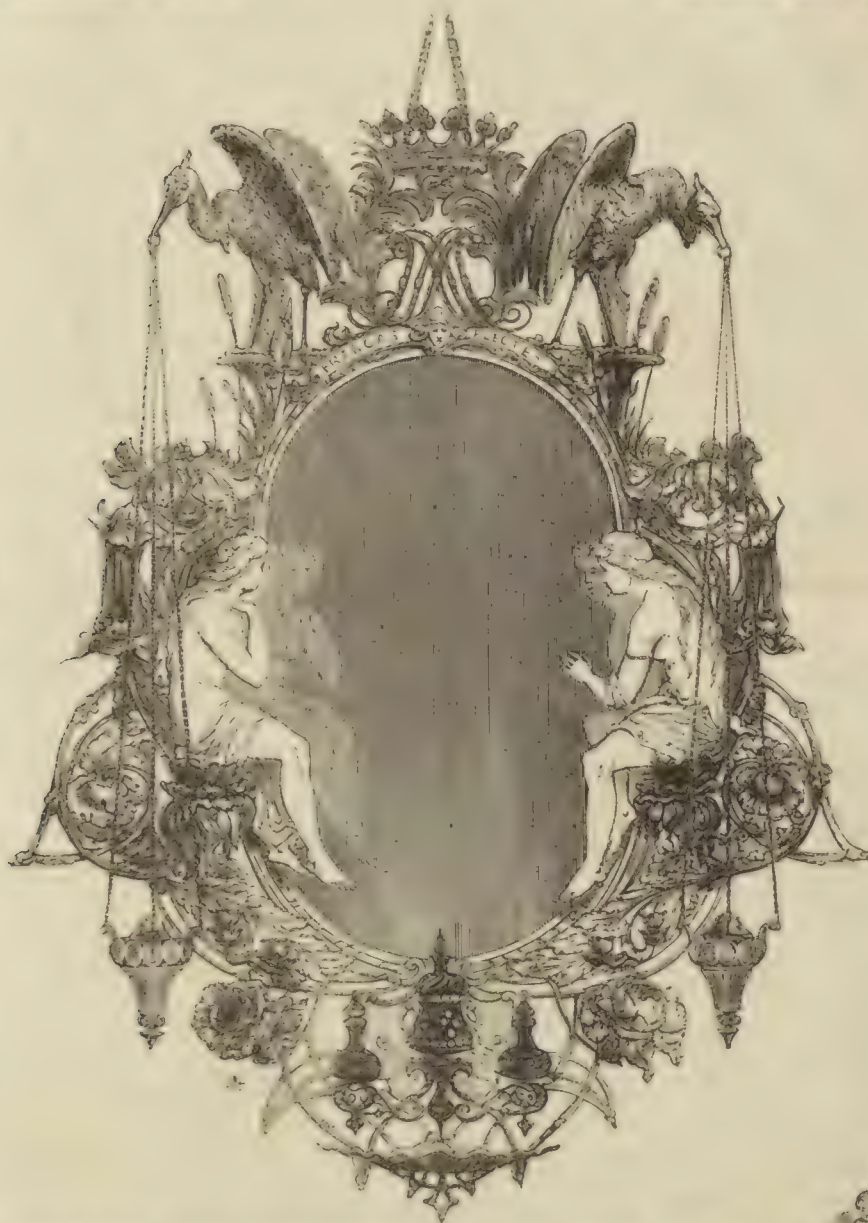
This magnificent group of spring birds and flowers we have commented upon in a former notice of "Wood Carving in the Great Exhibition." For truthfulness of character, variety of objects, and delicacy of workmanship, it was perhaps without a rival in the Exhibition. In the opinion of many, a greater variety of size in the objects represented would have improved the group; but, embodying the characteristics of spring when only flowers are to be met with, the artist was prevented from availing himself of the varied forms which the introduction of fruit would have placed at his disposal.

The Crystal Palace may at last be said to be cleared out, and in the course of the week every package will be gone, all the partitions removed, and the vast area open from end to end. In a few days the public will no doubt be admitted once more into the interior. They will be able to contrast the present deserted aspect with what it was a few months ago, and to estimate how far the gigantic structure is worth preservation, and what purposes of utility, amusement, and instruction it may serve. It seems very desirable that the admission should be rendered as free as possible.

PRESENTS TO THE POLICE IN CHARGE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—In money: France, £28 12s.; Great Britain, £16 2s. 6d.; Portugal, £5; North Germany, £5; Canada, £3 2s.; China, £1; East India (to Superintendent Pearce), £30; Total, £88 17s. 6d. The other presents have been:—Great Britain—1 shawl, 4 bonnets, 1 penknife, 1 china cup and saucer, 1 silver vinaigrette, 1 silver watch, 12 silver teaspoons, and 1 metal teapot. France—1 bronze ornament and 2 silver snuff-boxes. America—4 silver watches, 9 silver pencilcases, and 4 Russian leather pocket-books. Switzerland—6 silver watches. Russia—1 diamond pin. Zollverein—1 wooden snuff-box. The whole distributed, with the above exception, to 11 sergeants and 73 constables.

THE TRADES' COLLECTION.—Under the care of Lieut. Tyler, the Trades' Collection is making rapid progress, and, besides the large and valuable number of objects already brought together, the most commendable spirit of co-operation has been evinced by the public, and the most liberal promises of contribution have been received. There is little doubt that this trades' collection will be preserved from becoming a mere useless show buried under glass cases. Every means will, it is said, be used to render it a really practical thing, the rendezvous of all novelties, accessible to experimentalists, and freed from the deadening influences of an antiquarian character.

STATISTICS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Sir Stafford Northcote is preparing for the Royal Commission an elaborate report, in which a large and highly interesting mass of statistics connected with the Exhibition will be included. There will be little of novelty in the task which he has undertaken, for the whole subject has been already so thoroughly explored by the press, that hardly any-



TOILET-GLASS, MADE FOR THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.—BY POTTS, BIRMINGHAM.

thing remains to be revealed. Perhaps never before has the light of publicity been so fully shed upon the details of a great undertaking, and much of its success is unquestionably attributable to this circumstance. Almost the only point on which we still remain much in the dark is the statement of expenditure. With reference to that, and especially the appropriation of those portions of the original surplus which have already been absorbed, it is to be hoped that no mistaken notions of official secrecy will interfere to prevent a full disclosure. To allay the remotest suspicion of jobbing, perfect frankness and candour should be preserved. The Royal Commission have, we are sure, no reason to car a detailed financial statement.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"RED RUFUS; or, Harlequin Fact, Fiction, and Fancy," the pantomime at this theatre runs its merry round nightly; and Mr. Nelson Lee's grotesque scenes are highly relished by the holiday folk. Our Artist has chosen a scene from the opening immediately before the transformation for the harlequinade. Here is the argument—

The fairy court being called together to meet the fairy Queen, *Fancy*, arrives in her regal car of state, and holds a council. She is determined to protect *Sir Walter Tyrrel*, chief of the fox army, who is in love with the fair maid *Alice*, against *Red Rufus*, his royal rival, who has resolved to carry her off at curfew time. *Tyrrel* secretly determines on revenge, and conceals himself in the presence-chamber in the palace for the purpose of arranging his



HER MAJESTY'S CINQUE-CENTO JEWEL-CASE.—DESIGNED BY GRUNER; MANUFACTURED BY ELKINGTON.



WOOD CARVING (SPRING).—BY WALLIS, LOUTH.

plans. The King and Prince Harry arrive. The King exclaims—

Harry! this morn, as I lay in my bed,
A curious dream came into my head:
Me thought to me these words were said,
"Rufus, Rufus, Rufus Red,
To-morrow will your life be sped."

Curfew time arrives—all is dark and quiet; *Tyrrel*, having appointed to carry off his love, is already waiting to receive her at Harrow-on-the-Hill. The fair *Alice* makes her appearance, and, by some mistake falls into the arms of the gay young Monarch. Their flight brings us back to the palace. The hunter arrives, when the King resolves to have a day's sport. He takes leave of *Alice*, who is in great distress; *Tyrrel*, however, has an interview with her, and produces a silver arrow which the fairy *Blue Bell* had placed in his path. We next witness the King alone in the New Forest, having in the chase lost the courtiers and his train of sportsmen. *Tyrrel* shoots the silver arrow, which hits his Majesty in the eye. At this moment *Mark Bull's-Eye* enters in search of *Alice*, who also makes her appearance and rushes into the arms of her lover.

The last accounts of Dr. Barth are dated Kuka, September 1; he was to start in a week, to continue his travels in Central Africa. He complains of a deficiency of financial means to carry out the objects of his interesting inquiries. He states that he should not follow the Murzuk route as far as the Wall of Kashfery, but he would proceed to the north-east immediately after leaving Ingaegimi, on to Bornou.



THE MARIONETTE THEATRE, ADELAIDE-STREET, STRAND.



THE MOST ANCIENT FOSSIL REPTILE YET DISCOVERED.

THE TELERPETON ELGINENSE; OR, ANCIENT FOSSIL REPTILE OF SCOTLAND.

(The most ancient fossil reptile hitherto discovered.)

Our readers are aware that the remains of reptiles abound in the secondary deposits: that is, in the chalk, wealden, oolite, lias, and new red sandstone, throughout England and the Continent; and that the oviparous quadrupeds appear to have been the principal and highest orders of vertebrated animals that inhabited the lands, rivers, and seas during those vast geological periods. Of late years, remains of peculiar types of reptiles have been found in deposits of yet more ancient date; but until last year no vestiges of any reptile had ever been observed in the extensive series of deposits called the old red or Devonian formation, and which belong to a period incalculably more ancient than the coal measures. At a late meeting of the Geological Society, Dr. Mantell read a communication from Captain Lambart Brickenden, giving an account of the discovery in the crystalline yellowish sandstone of the old red, near Elgin, in Morayshire, of a series of 34 footprints of a turtle or tortoise, extending across a slab of rock several feet in length; and the subsequent exhumation from the same strata of the remains of the skeleton of a small four-footed reptile, by

Mr. Patrick Duff, of Elgin. The latter fossil was exhibited to the society and the annexed Engraving represents this most interesting relic. Dr. Mantell gave to the meeting a minute anatomical description of the structure of the skeleton, comparing it with those of recent lizards and salamanders. He stated that it resembled in some of its osteological characters the small lizards and other batrachians; and that the original was of peculiar type, neither a lacertian nor a salamander, but presenting characters found in both orders. It was about six or seven inches in length, resembling in its general appearance an aquatic salamander, but with a broader back and longer limbs than the common tritons. It must have been capable of quick progression on the land and in the water. It had a wide compressed tail. Unfortunately the skull is crushed, and there are no traces of the feet so that only the general form and appearance of this creature can be determined. This reptile is the most ancient being of its class which the researches of geology have yet revealed, and Dr. Mantell has given it a name expressive of its remote antiquity, namely, *Telerpeton* (from *τηλε*, signifying very remote, and *ερπετον*, reptile), with the specific name *Elginense*, from the locality whence it was obtained. Doubtless, other relics of a like nature will ere long be discovered in the same rocks, now that the zeal of collectors is excited by this unexpected event.

INKSTAND PRESENTED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BIDDULPH.

The officers of the 1st Life Guards have just testified their high respect for Colonel Biddulph, by presenting him with an Inkstand of unique design, and altogether a very appropriate *souvenir*, on his leaving the regiment. The elegant gift was placed in the hands of the gallant Colonel on Saturday last.



INKSTAND PRESENTED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BIDDULPH, BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.

The design is very characteristic. The body of the Inkstand is of ebony, artistically mounted in gold and silver. At the angles are circular turrets, serving as sentry-boxes, within which are figures of Life Guardsmen on foot; the tops of the sentry-boxes being surmounted by horses' heads, fully caparisoned. The standishes are a pair of kettle-drums, between which is a trophied group of Guards' helmet, cuirass, sword, &c. The four sentries and the horses' heads have been modelled from life; and, to show the minuteness of the accoutrements, each can be removed.

This elegant work has been designed and executed with great taste and finish by Messrs. Phillips Brothers, Cockspur-street. It bears the following inscription:—

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BIDDULPH,
From his Brother Officers, on his leaving the 1st Life Guards. October, 1851.



HOUSE AT CHELSEA, IN WHICH DIED W. J. M. TURNER, R.A. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE

Is a specimen of those Faust-like dramas which have given the first impulses to some men of genius in the dramatic direction. Goethe has related the effect one of these had on his infant mind—how, like the epitome-plays of old Richardson's *Bartholomew*, it excited and stimulated to poetic exertion. The theatre for the purpose of exhibiting an amusement of the sort indicated was opened on Monday, in Adelaide-street, West Strand, the large room of the Adelaide Gallery being well fitted up for the purpose. As we have intimated, the amusement is common in Germany; we may add, it is also prevalent in Italy; and our own *Punch's* theatre may likewise be accepted as a minor analogue to the larger experiment. A theatre of the kind now attempted was extant in this country about a quarter of a century ago. It was held at the old Argyll Rooms, in Regent-street; and we are told both by Addison and Ben Jonson of previous similar performances. Indeed, Shakespeare several times alludes to "the puppets dallying."

Our concern, however, is with the modern stage—the present Marionette



SCENE FROM THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

THE GROSS OUTRAGE ON MR. MATHER AT FLORENCE.—The cowardly assault of the Austrian officers on Mr. Mather, an account of which appeared in last week's ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, has been officially reported to the Foreign Minister, Lord Granville, by an official communication from the Italian Government at Florence.

Mr. Mather had then been six days in the City Hospital, in what is called "the nobles' room," set apart for the higher classes. All the English in Florence had called, but Mr. Mather was kept strictly quiet; the medical officers of the hospital had behaved with the utmost humanity.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—On the morning of the 11th inst., at about four o'clock, the *Humility*, of Selby, John Shiptone master, from London, bound to Selby, with a cargo of 100 tons, being a very heavy gale drove on to the beach at Hopton. The sea was running over her, the cargo washing out, and the destruction of the crew, who were seen clinging to the rigging, was inevitable, when Mr. Brighton Silvers, an active tide-surveyor for this port, arrived in charge of Manby's life apparatus, which by him was skillfully brought into operation, and the whole crew were speedily rescued from their perilous position, thus making, in all, 91 lives Mr. Silvers has had the good fortune to save by the use of this valuable invention.

Consols on Monday opened at the closing price of Saturday, viz. 97 to $\frac{1}{2}$. The news from Paris, however, reporting a decline in all descriptions of securities, as well as the dissolution of the National Guard and wholesale decree of banishment, soon caused a decline, and 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ sellers became the quotation, closing at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$. Fluctuations still more extensive occurred on Tuesday. Consols opened at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$, remaining unaltered until midday, when speculative sales reduced quotations to 96 $\frac{1}{4}$. A reaction to 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ was afterwards registered, the closing quotations being 96 $\frac{1}{2}$. Although languid on Wednesday, the market, towards the close of business, revived. Consols during the day receded to 95 $\frac{1}{2}$, but some extensive investments improved the closing quotation to 96 $\frac{1}{4}$. On Thursday the market was fully supported, and an advance to 96 $\frac{3}{4}$ was registered. The unfaded debt maintains the high quotations of last week, and India Bonds are firm at 68s. to 71s. 6m. Prices at the close of the week, according to the official returns, were—For Bank Stock, 216 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17; Three per Cent. Reduced, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$; Three per Cent. Consols, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$; New Three and a Quarter per Cent., 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$; India Stock, 5s. 6d.; India Bonds, 67 11s. 6d.; 5 per Cent. for Spain, 54 1s. 1d.; 5 per Cent. for Portugal, 57 11s. 6d.; 5 per Cent. for Sardinia, 57 11s. 6d.; 5 per Cent. for Sicily, 57 11s. 6d.

The Foreign Market shared in the depression of the home funds on Monday. Sardinian declining two per cent. Mexican for money gained 50, and account. Spanish, Five per Cent., 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$; the New Detierred, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$. On Tuesday the market was agitated, Sardinian declining to 88 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Mexican to 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ account. A rather better feeling was perceptible on Wednesday, and on Thursday the occupation of the dealers was principally the settlement of the

On the 11th inst., in his 66th year, Sir Benjamin Smith, of East Meath-lodge, Berks.—On the 2d inst., at Llyben, Thomas Richard, Esq. of Glasgow.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



VOL. XX.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

[GRATIS.]

ARMS FOUND!

Arma virumque cano—

My name is Blogg—Blogg, of — but, no, those days are over! I now mean to exhibit myself as a frightful example. I am a goose, displayed, pierced by my own stupidity. I am a victim of a hereditary weakness, which has been my curse. Listen to my tale.

I was brought up—(be a man, Blogg, and out with it!)—a tailor. I came into a good round sum with my father's business; I married; had a family; and was a prosperous man. In an evil hour I fell in with "Huggins's Heraldic Hints." There was an alliteration in the title which fascinated me. The fascination extended to the subject. Having plenty of leisure (for my foreman managed the business for me—a trustworthy dog—though of obscure origin), I spent hours in my Highgate villa, in the study. I rode on the wings of griffins, and flew through the skies on dragons; I had lions couchant at my feet. Never were such visions. I was perpetually building castles in the air, and every castle had an escutcheon neatly carved on the front. I blush when I think of my extravagances in those days. Had you mentioned to me Mr. Millais' picture of the "Return of the Dove to the Ark" the title would have suggested nothing to my imagination but the blazon of a dove, argent, volant, beaked, azure, legged, gules!

Of course my thoughts soon turned to my own pretensions in the way of antiquity. The first friend to whom I hinted the idea, remarked that, as a tailor, I could not be in want of a coat. Of course, he thought this a joke. I dropped his acquaintance. A low, vulgar pleasantry of that character was not to be endured. I comforted myself with reflecting that the old families of England used to have a jester, whom they called a fool, in attendance on them. The office is abolished, people being their own fools now-a-days, as I once heard a low scribbler assert—but I nicknamed Jenkins "my fool," and many a good thing I said about him, afterwards, to our acquaintances, though I would never make it up.

Well, one day I saw an advertisement in the papers, headed "Arms Found." The advertiser professed to supply arms to everybody. I went down to the place, and found a little fellow of pale and studious aspect sitting in a shop, surrounded by warriors of plaster of Paris, bearing blazoned shields. I was awed by the appearances around me—though how people can ever care for such barbarous painted pigmies, meaningless re— but I am anticipating. I muttered something about arms, timidly; I expected to be asked for my pedigree. No such thing. A more lively, deferential little fellow I never saw. "Name and county, sir?" he said, with his sweetest smile. "Blogg," I said slowly, and blushing a little, and "Warwickshire"—for I remembered that my father used to say that his father kept a—lived, in fact, in a village on the borders there. (Blogg, be firm!)

"Blogg!" said the little man, sweetly. There was an artfulness about that glib little wretch which I remember with disgust to this hour. He uttered the rudest names with a sweetness that made them sound quite Norman. He lingered mellifluously over syllables in a manner perfectly honeying.

He took down a large tome—the margins all covered with MS. notes—while I stood by, gazing reverently on, like a man watching a magician about to conjure up for him some figure of the past. He paused, mused, and looked up.

Never shall I forget my emotions when he said, "Blogg, the same name as Blogue, sir, only spelt differently (spelling, till lately, quite arbitrary in our good families, sir)—Blogue or De Blogue, for there is a Castle Blogue in Normandy, from which the family took their name. Founder, a Norman knight, got the lands from William Rufus. Married with the Courtenays during the Wars of the Roses. Sheriffs repeatedly. Bear a leopard in pale, holding a cross in its dexter paw, all within a tressure fleury!"

I gasped for breath. I had been roused into a sea of aristocracy by the villain, and I came up half drowned. I had some

further conversation. These Blogues had lands, it seemed, in Warwickshire. There was even a barony in abeyance, Mr. Pellet (the Arms-finder) said. I am afraid he pumped me, for I remember talking of my fortune. And when I left, it was after ordering a seal, a book plate, three knights with the arms emblazoned, and a porcelain pipe-bowl with ditto burnt in!

"Come to my arms!" I shouted to Mrs. B., unconsciously making a wretched pun, when I got home. "I am Norman, and I am happy!"

"You are English, and you are drunk, B.," said that strong-minded woman. I began to hate her. I felt that I had polluted the *pur sang* (you see I had got hold of all the slang) of De Blogue by the alliance. I got to such a pitch that I wished she was dead—and what a magnificent hatchment I resolved to put up afterwards!

Well, nothing would satisfy me but to have the leopard carved on the front of our gate leading to the villa, now named Blogue—

Presently, they strolled behind me. I heard them whispering earnestly.

"That's him," said one. I felt my pride tickled.

"Nonsense. He's"—here his voice fell—"he's a swell, I tell you. This is"—and here his voice fell again.

"Mr. De Blogue?" said the first speaker, coming up with his companion. "Yes," I said, "that's my name."

"Suit of Levy, 1300l.," said the man. I partially recovered my senses in the cab which bore me to the sponging-house.

I was in for the debt of a rel—no, a namesake—I am above these weaknesses now!—a young De Blogue in the Heavy Baboons Regiment, of whose existence I had never heard. The lawyer who issued the writ found out his mistake. He came hurrying down to the sponging-house and got me out.

"Why, what De Blogue are you, sir? It's very awkward. Why, execution has issued." I turned deadly pale. "You'll get the things again, but —"

I remembered my ancestor (!) at Acre, and bore up against the misfortune.

"I'm a Warwickshire De Blogue," I began.

"Why, they're all Warwickshire, of course," the lawyer said.

"I thought the direct line ended in a female——"

The lawyer looked at me with an altogether changed expression, and shook his head. "Come along, sir," he said in a coaxing way. I supposed he was pitying my troubles.

As I got into a cab, I heard him saying to the sheriff's officer—"Ended in a female. I'm much mistaken if he won't end in a lunatic asylum!"

I returned to my "deserted halls," as I might now with perfect truth, as well as picturesqueness, call my establishment at Highgate. Execution had issued. Nothing was left in the house but a few brass carpeting rods in a corner. The bailiffs had seized my Penates. My Lar was gone to the brokers. Mrs. B. was off to her father's in the country. I invoked the shades of my ancestors, in my infatuated way. Of course they did not come. The shades of nobody's ancestors ever do come, any more than the police, when called. I stood on my lonely hearth solitary among the bluebottles.

I now approach the "closing scene" of my troubles. I tremble as I think of what followed. "Rap, rap," came to the gate.

"Here, Jack—that's him!" I was in the hands of the Police. The reader will scarcely believe the remainder of my narrative. Read, just, the following newspaper paragraph:—

"EXTRAORDINARY SWINDLING.—The noble family of De B—— has been suffering from the tricks of one of the most audacious swindlers of our time. It seems that the fellow assumed their name, and obtained goods in it, at the village of —, near London. A young and gallant officer of the family, as far as we can understand, was the particular individual he passed for. Our police reports will, doubtless, soon contain further particulars."

I was brought before a magistrate next morning.

"What else did he pass for besides De Blogue; any other aliases?" said the magistrate.

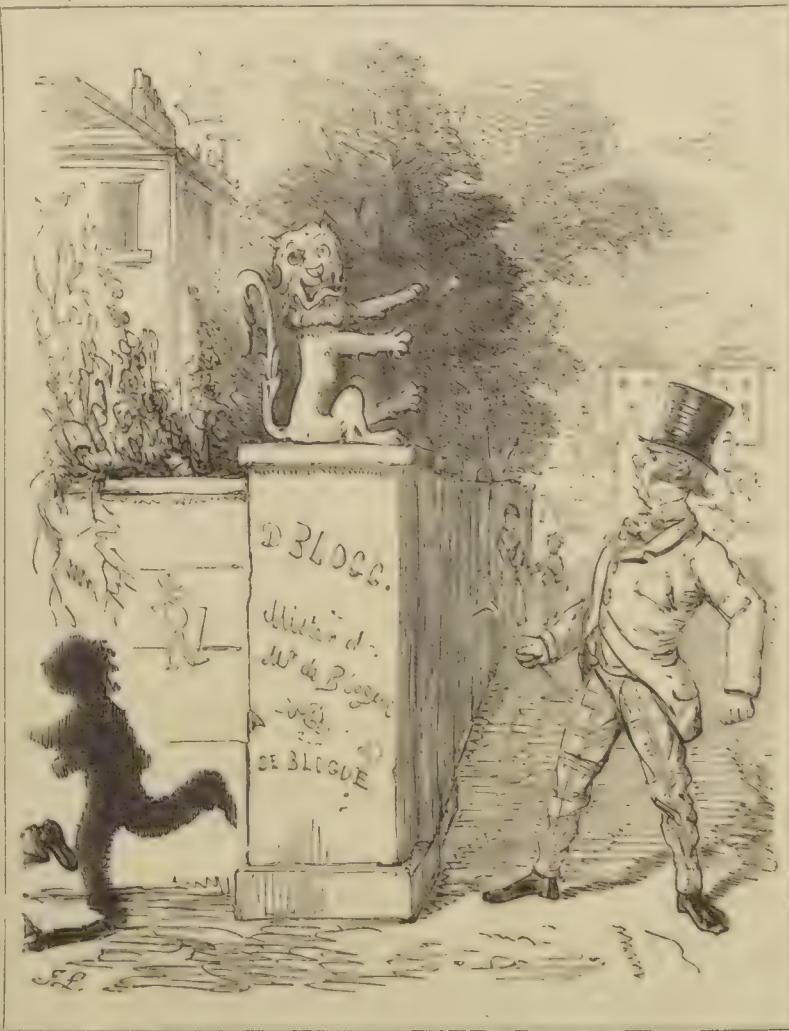
I heard a scuffling noise. I saw my wife mount the witness-box. I heard the voluble tongue of the woman ringing away before the court, as undauntedly as a muffin-bell.

"It's all a mistake, your worship. He's a respectable tailor, and his name is John Blogg. Here are a dozen people to prove it."

And sure enough there were. All our old family friends were there. I was safe; but what ignominious safety!

I saw another face which I knew very well. He was a little radical lawyer, a friend of my wife's family. He did clear up my case—but I felt very like a blackamoor being scrubbed white with birch brooms.

"The fact is, your worship, his name is Blogg; his father was a tailor, and the son of a Peter Blogg who came to Pled-Biddlecomb, in Warwickshire, as a travelling hawker, about 1772. No Bloggs appear in the parish register of the village earlier than that—"



ville. It was done. And if we wanted proof of the debased nature of our populace, it would be found in the fact, that morning after morning there was a pipe in that leopard's mouth.

The reader will perceive what my next move was, from a simple anecdote.

"Why, Jacky," said my friend Snigsby, rushing into my room, in his coarse manner, one morning, "I didn't know you had a second name."

"A second name?" I inquired in my easy, aristocratic way.

"Why, the flunkey in that queer coat said, Mr. D. Blogg. Your name's Jack Blogg, ain't it?"

"My livery servant said De Blogue, Snigsby, and it is my family name," I replied, in a marked manner.

It was not many weeks afterwards that I was strolling down from my house when I paused to look in at a window. I had noticed that a couple of plebeians were eyeing me rather closely.

* This reflection will be found inconsistent with Mr. Blogg's subsequently stated principles; but the paper was written under great mental affliction.—ED.

I felt the Norman blood oozing away—like a stream of beer when you withdraw the spigot. I felt bled into a syncope of plebeianism!

"Earlier than 1779," resumed the lawyer, emphatically. "But when the effects of Peter Blogg were examined by the parochial authorities of the union, his 'mark' was found appended on some old paper to the name of Blogginton—that of a Saxon hamlet in Staffordshire, from which many of the peasantry derived their surnames, when surnames began to be used—and—"

The magistrate cut short this awful harangue. I left the court—without a stain on my escutcheon, or rather without any escutcheon to stain. I cursed the old Dowager De Bogue, whose stupidity and malignity combined to get me into this scrape. Confound her pride! she thinks her young De B. a model son, though he's always in debt. I, plain John Blogg, have thrown overboard leopard, tressure, and all. I could buy them all up. I'm told they're as poor as rats.

And, after all, what is all that kind of thing but a barbarous relic of feudalism? it's only an accident. It has no foundation in—

(Here Mr. Blogg's MS. becomes illegible, from excitement apparently.)

A QUEER BEDFELLOW FOR A CHRISTMAS-EVE.

CHRISTMAS was come, and Washingley Hall was filled with guests. I know no country house in which I would sooner have passed that cheerful season. Sir George was hospitality itself; and as for Lady Stanley, her frank manners and natural amiability of disposition completely won the hearts of all her visitors; while their family of happy children, from blooming, blushing, Fanny of sweet seventeen, and Master Harry, who was just beginning to think about shaving, down to little blue-eyed Trotty, who was the pet of everyone and the privileged romp of the family,—all reflected their parents' goodness, and made that merry music in a house without which Christmas would not be complete. We were a large party at the hall, and had tested its ample accommodation to the uttermost. All the dressing-rooms were pressed into use for us bachelors, and even the sacredness of the housekeeper's still-room was desecrated and converted into a species of barracks for "the young gentlemen." The ladies, it was rumoured, had made compacts of partnership, and thus it was, as we afterwards learned, that Fanny Stanley shared Helen Warrington's bed. The greater part of the guests, Helen and her brother among the rest, did not arrive until Christmas-eve, so that our dinner on that night was our first general meeting, and passed off right merrily.

When the Christmas romps with the children were over, and the mistletoe had been put up, and "the girls all kissed" (as Tennyson observes with such collective union), and when the juveniles had been posted off to their night-barracks, we all drew around the spacious fire-place, and, while the yule-log blazed bright and cheerily, told Christmas stories, in which ghosts were as plentiful as blackberries. In one tale that was then told, the hero belonged to a family in which insanity was hereditary, and (as is commonly the case in such circumstances) appeared only in alternate generations; and thus, in the family mentioned, the sane son of a madman invariably became, in his turn, the father of a madman. I forget now who related the story of which this was the theme, but I remember it was some one who had not met the Warringtons before, and was ignorant of the fact that Helen's grandfather had died in an Asylum, and that she herself had, some years previously, when at school, been "in a low way," sufficient to cause, at that time, considerable anxiety to her mother. This, however, was not known to the narrator of the story, and, indeed, was not remembered by those present, until after events recalled it to their memory; and Helen Warrington, too, was, at that time, a fine, handsome, merry-hearted girl, and one of the acknowledged belles of the county. What effect the tale may have had upon her, no one could then tell, as she sat back, in the shade of the room, which was only lighted by the blazing fire.

That was the last tale told, and a light supper (for, on the children's account, we had dined rather early,) that was discussed amid lively jokes and merriment, soon dissipated all the little lady-like fears the ghost-stories of the night had given rise to; and the waits, and the village band soon after coming, with their Christmas-carol serenade, we sat for some time longer round the fire, until midnight, and the earliest dawn of the Christmas morning had come, and then, wishing each other "a merry Christmas," we all said good-night.

I have said that Fanny Stanley and Helen Warrington shared the same bed, and when, an hour after this, their maid had left their room, two of the loveliest faces of all the lovely ones that, on that night were assembled beneath the roof of Washingley, pressed the laced-pillows of the downy bed. It was not till the morrow that the maid called to mind the flushed cheeks and wild brilliancy of Helen Warrington's dark eyes, as she laughingly bade her take a kiss of her young mistress, and wish her a merry Christmas, lest she should not have the chance next year. What followed from that time I shall describe as it was afterwards told to me.

After a little chat with Helen, Fanny had sunk into a slumber. How long she slept she knew not, but, on awakening, she missed her companion from her side, and on sitting up in bed, and looking around her, she saw Helen Warrington pacing along the other side of the old-fashioned bed-room. It was a beautifully bright night, and the light of the moonbeams shone full upon the two windows of the room, and upon Helen walking there in her night-dress, her cap off, and her long black hair streaming over her shoulders.

"Helen, dear! Come to bed! You will catch cold: are you ill?"

The white-robed figure stopped in its paces to and fro, and came up to the bed-side.

"Helen, what's the matter? How strange you look! You must be ill?" For Helen's head there without speaking, but looking fixedly at Fanny, with a strange wildness of expression. Fanny began to throw off the clothes to rise from the bed to assist her friend, believing her to be ill. Then Helen spoke.

"Lie still, Fanny! I am not ill, but I have come to put an end to your life. I must kill you!" And her words came in a low but distinct whisper, strangely at variance with her usual quick manner of speaking.

Fanny trembled in spite of herself, and she said, with half fear in her tone, "Come Helen, what nonsense! Come to bed. We will act charades to-morrow night." Still the white-robed figure stood there, at the foot of the bed, glaring with its eyes. "I tell you, Fanny," said, "you have but a few minutes to live! Say your prayers, and make your peace with God. He has sent me to destroy you!" In an instant, a crowd of thoughts rushed through Fanny's brain; the conversation round the fire—the tale of the madman—the insanity of Helen's grandfather—and a hundred other things, all with lightning speed, flitted themselves together in her mind, and she felt that Helen's long-hereditary malady had burst forth, and that she was mad!

Then, then she did not lose her presence of mind; and, with a

forced laugh, she said, "Come Helen, dear—come back to bed: you know you cannot do what you are jesting about."

"Not kill you! Think you so? You are deceived, girl," said the white-robed figure. "I provided for all that, hours ago. Look here!" and raising her arm high in the air, the moonlight flashed on the shining blade of a large knife. With the cunning of insanity she had contrived, unseen, to take it from the supper-table, and conceal it within the folds of her dress.

When the poor girl saw the knife, she sprang from the bed, and, with a loud scream, reached the door, and endeavoured to open it. It was locked, and the key removed. She then, in a delirium of agony, turned and fled to the fire-place, to seize the bell-rope and alarm the house, but only to find the rope severed and useless. During this brief space the white-robed figure stood and watched her actions—apparently enjoying her despairing disappointment with a wild satisfaction. "Now, girl," it said, "you see all escape is hopeless: so you have now nothing to do but to die!" And she advanced with her upraised knife, and gleaming eyes.

"O Helen!—Helen!—spare my life! Help!—Help!" and Fanny shrieked in agony. As she turned, half paralysed with fear, to fly wildly about the room, she espied a closet, the door of which stood ajar, and into this she sprang, and, with the rapidity of a sudden thought, drew to the door, shrieking loudly for help. There was but little hope left for the poor girl, for the inside of the door was not furnished with a handle, and her only chance of keeping it closed was by fixing her fingers tightly round the lock, and so pulling it towards her. This she did with all the energy of desperation. But, at the best of times, this would have been a difficult thing to do; and now that she had to contend with the unnatural strength of a maniac, her chance of safety was poor indeed. Fear, however, and the love of life, gave a new vigour to her frame, and sustained her in those terrible moments. Helen had got the handle of the door on the outside, and was trying to force her way in, while Fanny clung the more tightly and despairingly to the lock, well knowing that upon this exertion had bathed her hands in a clammy perspiration, and, with a horror scarcely to be described, she felt that the security of her hold was relaxing. The door opened slowly, but surely, and swung backwards and forwards with her attempts to counteract the force the maniac was applying to it. As the figure of Helen was thus revealed to her, her dark hair tossing wildly over her night-dress, and her arm making thrusts with the shining blade through the partially opened door, the courage which had hitherto sustained her now gave way, her wearied hands relapsed from their hold, and, uttering but one more piercing shriek, she fell back senseless on the closet floor.

It so happened that the dressing-room in which, for that night, I had been put to sleep, joined the bed-room in which these scenes took place. One of Fanny's piercing shrieks had aroused me, and I had started from my bed in terror, impressed with the idea that the house was on fire, though not knowing from which direction the alarm had proceeded. In a moment I had partially dressed myself, when another and another shriek told me too plainly from what quarter they came.

The second door of the dressing-room which opened into the bed-room would, of course, be locked. Without losing time by trying this, I picked up a heavy portmanteau, which had, fortunately, not been unpacked, and swinging it round me at the lock of the door, with one heavy, crushing blow that burst open the door, and threw down a dressing-table placed against it on the other side, I sprang into the room.

I shall never forget the scene. At the closet-door was Helen Warrington, with madness stamped in every look and action, her night-dress in confusion, and her dishevelled hair falling down over her shoulders. Her left arm supported the passive form of Fanny Stanley, who lay senseless and motionless in her grasp, while her right wielded the knife, which she appeared about to plunge in the white bosom on which the moonlight shone so purely. To note all this was but the work of an instant; in another instant I was at her side.

She had turned to me as I came up, and with a sort of saddened, reproachful look in her wild dark eyes, said, "Would you stand between me and God?" Before she could use the knife on Fanny's form, or anticipate what I was about to do, I whirled the knife out of her hand. At once she threw Fanny from her, and rushed to the bedside to re-possession herself of her weapon, but I threw myself upon her and held her firmly to the ground. Others had come to the door, and were trying, ineffectually, to obtain admittance. Amongst them, I heard Sir George's voice, calling in despair on his daughter's name, for he had recognised her alarming cries, and had fled along the corridor in an agony of terror. I called loudly to him to go round by my room, which, it seemed, in the hurried excitement of the moment, no one remembered as communicating with the bed-room. Directly afterwards they joined me. It wanted no words to explain the sad tale, and poor Warrington, who was one of those who had rushed in, was the first to assist me in securing his sister. Others assisted Fanny, who was still in a swooning state, and bore her from the room.

I need not pursue these distressing details further. The physicians who were called in, did all they could; but human skill was ineffectual for one who was now a confirmed maniac.

Poor Helen Warrington still lives in the Asylum in which she was placed from the first. Fanny and I go to see her at intervals, but at no time has she recognised us. Under the kind discipline, and humane treatment of Dr. —, she appears to pass her days happily. And, may we not hope that those whom God has thus been pleased to afflict, have an inner light of happiness, which shines the more brightly, because it shines only for them?

As for Fanny, she has changed her name. Her deliverer on that terrible Christmas-eve is now her husband.

C. B.

STREET DOGS.

It is often my lot to come home late at night, or rather early in the morning. What some do for pleasure I am forced, without any pleasure at all, to do by the stern necessities of life. There is one advantage, perhaps, and only one, to be gained by these nocturnal or matutinal perambulations. You see strange glimpses of a world which night hides from men who go to bed at decent hours. I do not intend to speak of these now. Though only a poor simple devil with one stick, trudging home through mud and rain, or haply staring up a smug, perky looking street, shining fresh and clean in the morning sun, and wondering if it can be the same file of houses which looks so dingy and seedy at noon, I have seen some wonderful things, too—queer bits of life—mysteries—whole rows of pegs to hang webs of fancy on. I discovered that London has its pariahs as well as Hindoostan—poor dissipated canine ne'er-do-wells, houseless, preying on fortune in the kennels and gutters, hovering on the outskirts of the markets, and carrying on a guerilla warfare against the rats, or disputing with feline the possession of promiscuous fish-bones. Poor fellows, I pity them—they are separated from man—degradation is stamped on them from the tip of the nose to the last joint of the tail, and they slink through the street like thieves, having

above all things a dread of the police, whom they dodge with preternatural sagacity. And yet they would fain be friends with man once more. Watch how that ragged little terrier will eye you from his sole remaining optic, as he stands in the middle of the street revolving in his mind whether it would be safe to place himself within reach of your stick. A whistle, a chirrup, a snap of the fingers—his miserable heart is like to break for joy—he flies up on you in frantic delight, oscillates his stumpy tail till it is like to snap short off, and will follow you to the death. It seldom happens that he is worth having. He is not fit even for sausage-meat—the dog-stealers won't have him—the fiercest little boys are touched with compassion if they come on him in his lair at day-time, and pass him by without the compliment of persecution. Thus, as you get near home, you feel he is a bore—that you never could lift up your eyes before the servant maid in the morning if such a mongrel was let inside your threshold; and so, as you begin to feel for your latch-key, the cane is uplifted against him, and in an instant, with a shrill cry of agony, the outcast vanishes in the darkness. Alas! how many pangs have I caused in this way—how many brief friendships have I broken, as though they had been with my fellow-creatures.

By necessity I have become apparently callous, hard-hearted, and now, the minute I see a pariah, I hoot him off, lest I should cause him the bitter sorrow of disappointed hopes. But what becomes of the street dogs? Do they commit suicide? Do those pulpy masses that are seen wabbling about in the dirty Thames at every tide speak of man's cruelty, or canine despair? Perhaps "the Bridge of Sighs" is to some of the pariahs a refuge from utter wretchedness and starvation. They can get on it without paying toll. (By the by, what a terrible halfpenny that is which is laid down before the unsuspecting toll-taker, ere the fatal jump can be taken into that turbid Lethe!) If they do not go off this way, what becomes of them? There are hundreds, thousands in London. Most of them seem almost in extremis, and yet the most experienced chiffonier, or street-sweeper, cannot depose ever having come across the dead body of one. I speak with authority on this point. My conclusion is, that some reform, get into respectable society, and die in their beds, and that others die by their own legs. Some of these individuals are very extraordinary characters—oddities, in fact, which may account for their not getting on well in the world. Once on a time I met an old pointer, about half-past two o'clock a.m., on Westminster bridge. I entered into conversation with him, through the medium of a bit of biscuit. He had the usual allowance of one eye, his clothes were much damaged by mange, and rents probably made by pitchforks, but still, on the whole, he had a mark of high breeding and good blood about him, and when he had resolved on entering my service, he gave me an idea that he was a fellow of quality by the indignant way in which he received the advances of a little mongrel, not unlike a fancy rabbit, who rushed out from the cab-stand in Palace-yard to greet him. He bent the streets with great steadiness, seemed to intimate the probability of there being partridge in St. James's, and came to the wind in a very practical and knowing way at Trafalgar-square. Indeed his general demeanour was so exemplary that I had visions of sporting over him in the autumn, and had already devised a neat fib to tell my wife as to Jones having sent me a splendid dog (warranted not to bite children on any provocation whatever) when he came to a dead point. The fact was rather remarkable, inasmuch as the chances were greatly against either grouse or birds being at that time in St. Martin's-lane; but still the fact was notorious. There he stood in the most orthodox attitude—his nose nicely attuned to the position of his shoulder—the dexter leg gently raised and bent under the forehead, the other planted firmly in advance, and the tail forming a right line with the dorsal vertebra—the heart of Peter Hawker would have beat with joy within the venerable ribs, had he seen it. I admit I thought of many things—a tame grouse from Hungerford market—a hare escaped from its pen—a covey, perchance, dropped into Leicester-square, and chased out by the cats, or an insane snipe feeding in the kennel—and so I advanced warily, and already saw myself a Fellow of the Zoological Society, elected by acclamation for my famous paper—"Some Observations on Erratic Instinct." I paused behind his tail, and looked intently on the pavement to which he pointed, but saw nothing. "So, so! Ponto! So! good dog!" He stirred not, but gave a hideous leer with his one eye, just as you see a staunch fellow do when the old cock is under your muzzle. "Come, sir, go 'long! Ha! you rascal, what are you at?" Not a stir. I pushed him *à tergo*; but he resisted manfully, and kept his point like a bronze statuette. I looked again: before me was the pavement, beyond it the railings. "By Jove, there is a hare inside," and there, sure enough, I beheld a very fine cat, with back erect and swelled tail, prepared for the defensive. She would not stir, neither would Ponto. I poked at the cat with my cane, but she did not mind it, as I could not reach her. I hit Ponto, but I might as well have hit the wall. Suddenly a policeman came round the corner: the cat flew from her hiding-place; Ponto bolted like the shadow of a cloud. I never saw him more. His confirmed bad habits had ruined his last chance of recovering station and position in life!

Another time, I foregathered with a respectable looking colley, very much like a covenanting minister—he had lost his tail and part of one ear, and I pitied him for the persecutions he had undergone—most likely for conscience sake. He was sleekly demure—his coat thread—or rather hair—bare, but neatly brushed. He passed gravely along the street, picking out the crossings with great neatness, stopped for me rigidly at every corner. He was generally indifferent to cats, and had a decided contempt for the other pariahs he encountered; so I stole him in quietly, and put him down in the kitchen. He wagged his tail, and crept into an empty bucket, with a look in his face that said as plainly as words could—"never fear, I see what you're up to—no barking. I'll keep dark." In the morning I felt some uneasiness, in going down to the breakfast table, at my improper conduct, and whistled unconcernedly, in hopes that he would creep out as if he had got in by accident. There was no sign of him. His ingratitude was soon discovered. He had eaten a cold shoulder of mutton (for which, I own, I felt infinitely obliged to him), had drank the morning's milk, and gobbled up 2 lbs. of fresh butter, a present from Devonshire. How he got out I know not. To this moment my wife believes that a band of cut-throats held their nocturnal orgies in our kitchen that night, and devoured our substance. I have wisely held my tongue, but I believe that miscreant to have been a burglar, and to have been a friend of "cracksmen." I could speak for ever of the canine I have met. It would do P. B. Willis great service to know some of them, and I leave him to introduce them to the world. One thing I must say—we should try to reform them. I never encountered one decidedly bad character but the Scotch colley, and most likely he was depraved by associating with his masters, the drovers. Heaven help the wretches, and those who are like them. What sad stories could their tongues tell us, were they once loosed! But is there one—the veriest cur of them all, mangy, starved, kicked, cuffed, sick, hooted, houseless, and despairing—that must not feel a delightful thrill of revenge and satisfied hate, night after night, as he sees the human pariahs walking through the streets as desolate, as uncared for as himself?

W. H. R.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HER FATHER.

A sound came booming through the air—
 "What is that sound?" quoth I.
 My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
 Made answer, presently,
 "Papa, you know it very well—
 That sound—it was Saint Pancras Bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,
 And come and stand by me;
 I'm sad to hear you talk like that,
 Where's your philosophy?
 That sound—attend to what I tell—
 That sound was *not* Saint Pancras Bell."

"Sound is the name the sage selects
 For the concluding term
 Of a long series of effects,
 Of which that blow 's the germ.
 The following brief analysis
 Shows the interpolations, Miss."

"The blow which, when the clapper slips,
 Falls on your friend, the Bell,
 Changes its circle to ellipse,
 (A word you'd better spell),
 And then comes elasticity,
 Restoring what it used to be."

"Nay, making it a little more,
 The circle shifts about.
 As much as it shrunk in before
 The Bell, you see, swells out;
 And so a new ellipse is made,
 (You're not attending, I'm afraid)."

"This change of form disturbs the air,
 Which in its turn behaves
 In like elastic fashion there,
 Creating waves on waves;
 Which press each other onward, dear,
 Until the outmost finds your ear."

"Within that ear the surgeons find
 A tympanum, or drum,
 Which has a little bone behind,—
 Malleus, it's called by some;
 But those not proud of Latin Grammar,
 Humbly translate it as the hammer."

"The wave's vibrations this transmits
 On to the *incus* bone,
 (*Incus* means anvil, which it hits),
 And this transfers the tone
 To the small *os orbiculare*,
 The tiniest bone that people carry."

"The *stapes* next—the name recalls
 A stirrup's form, my daughter—
 Joins three half-circular canals,
 Each fill'd with limpid water;
 Their curious lining, you'll observe,
 Made of the auditory nerve."

"This vibrates next—and then we find
 The mystic work is crown'd;
 For then my daughter's gentle Mind
 First recognises sound.
 See what a host of causes swell
 To make up what you call 'the Bell.'"

Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
 And ponder'd on the case;
 Then, settling that he meant to tease,
 She slapp'd her father's face.
 "You bad old man, to sit and tell
 Such gibberish about a Bell!"

S. B.

MISS JULIA SPLASHTON TO MISS MARY MEEK.

OAKDALE HALL, CHESHIRE.
Monday.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

You will be surprised to find me dating from here instead of Peckham; but I have so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin. My dear girl, don't tell your mamma, or she won't let you come and see me; but I have been hunting, and carried off the brush—that means the fox's tail. You know I was old Gauntlet's favourite pupil at Brighton, and you were a shocking coward; but I must begin at the beginning.

The papa of our old school-fellows, Clara and Jane Beaton—you must remember him; rather a handsome man, with a large frill to his shirt, who used to come to see them in a yellow gig, and bring most delicious tarts from Birch's—has done something wonderful in the Great Isabella Mines and the Trinchinopoly Railroad—made an enormous fortune.

Every body at Peckham adores him; my aunt Faddy speaks of him with tears in her eyes, and papa, in his grand way, calls him "a most important member of the financial-ocracy." He has moved from Peckham to Hyde Park-gardens, and bought this beautiful place from Sir Francis Fastman, who has gone abroad for his health!

Clara and Jane asked me down to spend Christmas with them. Oh, my dear, I wish you had been with us; such fun. Papa made a very handsome present for my winter wardrobe; he was rather proud of the invitation. I bought a new riding habit—one of the new hats, a brown Garibaldi, with a plume so be-

coming—and Mademoiselle Gentili did wonders. My dress bonnet was pink satin and *velours epingle*. I wore it at church yesterday, and every body turned round. Then the sweetest morning dress, quite new: a *douillette* blue *foulard*, made in a loose jacket, waistcoat with silver buttons, and plain full shirt with silver buttons down the front; a cambric collarette, and a delicious white silk neck-tie, embroidered in blue and silver. My aunt Faddy gave me two little pets of caps, of Paris point, and old Monsieur Grimenprez, papa's Lyons correspondent, a pair of slippers, for what the impudent old fellow called my *mignon* feet, of maize-coloured velvet, trimmed with ermine—so exquisite, they would really make you scream. Among my evening dresses I have a black lace, with white lace flowers, in which Tom Beaton declares I look like an angelic ostrich.

I took little fat Sally, our cook's niece, for a maid, and went down on a hard frosty day by railroad. Clara and Jane promised to meet me with a carriage at the station, which is ten miles from Oakdale. Judge my surprise, when set down at the little wilderness of a road-side station, at finding no Clara or Jane, but Mr. Tom Beaton, all great coats and shawl, with a cigar and an apology—his sisters had been tired out at a ball the night before, he had just returned from hunting, and had only time to jump into his mail phaeton and get down in time to meet the train. I was so much surprised that I allowed myself to be hustled into the phaeton, and wrapped in a great bear-skin, almost without a word, while a servant with a spring cart took charge of Sally and the luggage.

My dear Polly, did you ever ride in a mail phaeton? My aunt used to say it was not a proper carriage for a young lady, but I assure you it is extremely nice.

In a minute Mr. Tom Beaton was beside me, the groom let go the horses' heads, and away we went. The new moon shone out over the hedges and fields, all silver white with the hoar frost—the wheels crunched with a quick, dull sound over the hard road—the pole chains rattled—the horses pulled and snorted away with a fierce stamp, stamp—and for the first mile my companion did not say much, so busy was he holding them in, while I, cuddled up in my corner, with my muff to my face, answered only in monosyllables. Rushing through the moonlight, while the shadows of our swift horses travelled still more swiftly before us, the icicles sparkled from the sprays on the hedges, like diamond drops; and the mist, rolling up from each broad field we passed, closed up the view in clouded mystery. Fast, fast we dashed along the high road, past straggling carts, the carters crying cheerily, "good night, master;" past white cottages, half shrouded in dark gleaming evergreens; through a turnpike, where the man stood to bow, so unlike London turnpike men, quick turning into a dark lane, through a thick wood, where the rabbits dashed under the horses' feet from side to side, and I thought of bears and robbers. It was delightful! Once, just after splashing through a little half-frozen stream, an echo from a neighbouring hill sent back the ringing of the chains, the whir of the wheels, and the tramping of our steeds in a strange medley, like echoes from fairy land. My dear Polly, one hour of such a ride is worth a whole season of "the lady's mile" in Hyde Park, at funeral pace, in a fly brougham.

At length we reached the lodge of Oakdale Park. The gates were open, and we galloped up the winding avenue beneath great branching trees, and came out on the sweep before Oakdale Manor—a mansion such as we dream of in dreams and read about in novels, with black and white timbered walls and huge peaked gables, large enough to lodge an army.

But there was no time for studying architecture: in one minute the doors opened, I was lifted out, and put down in a broad low wainscotted hall, in front of a huge staircase of black oak, and in the next out came Clara and Jane, Mrs. Beaton, all smiles and black velvet, Mr. Beaton, in a white waistcoat, with a dinner napkin in his hand, and a crowd of servants. It was like a scene in a pantomime. The house was full of visitors; so, as I had no idea of appearing to disadvantage, not being one of the sad and sickly ones, I pleaded a headache, and got leave to stay in my room, have a cup of tea, and to bed.

I cannot tell you this time all the fun we had, every day and night—polking, and charades, and blindman's buff, and Christmas games; riding out, skating, coursing, and feeding the pheasants. Tom Beaton found out that I was the best horsewoman of the party, except an Irish widow, a dear dashing delightful creature, a Mrs. O'Moran; and Friday last it was fixed we should all go to see the foxhounds meet at Dyrllingham, four miles off. He made me give my pretty horse to Jane, promising I should ride Orion, the best old hunter in the county, he assured me.

The night before I could scarcely sleep for thinking of the sport. I got out of bed several times to see that it was not a frost. Really, Polly, I ought to have been a boy. I have a great mind to be a Bloomer. The morning was lovely, cloudy, and rather warm—just the thing, Tom said; a south wind scarcely rustled the dry leaves in the Park.

Breakfast seemed as if it would never be over. The old sportsmen fed steadily, the young ones rushed about frantic for boots, spurs, and gloves, not to be found.

When the horses came round, we had every sort, from little Mary Beaton's Shetland to young Bob Harkaway's vicious chesnut thoroughbred. But I was dreadfully disappointed when my Orion came out. Imagine a great big brown horse, with very little mane, bony, and angular; his legs all over scars, walking so deliberately, that it seemed as if the groom was obliged to pull him along, while half the other horses were prancing, rearing, and squealing. The only good points were bright eyes and thin, sleek, shiny coat. I could not help crying, "Well, Master Tom, you seem determined to make me a figure."

Tom, who was just helping Laura Giggles on her pony, only laughed, and said, in his rough way, "You can't change now; but you will find Orion all right."

Once in motion, every one was in spirits. The frost had disappeared; the pasture fields had a mellow tone; the robins sang out cheerily from the leafless trees; the purple-necked pheasants fed close to the road-side without fear, or fluttered heavily up as we passed; the partridges covered down beside clods of earth; from cross-roads and bye-lanes horsemen and carriages of sport cut joined or passed our cavalcade; and far over the fields, bits of pink, which gradually swelled into full-grown red-coated well-mounted men, came towards us, slowly leaping hedges, or opening the gates of bridle roads; jolly farmers in green, brown, and black cords, and tops, or gaiters, on serviceable rough nags, flocked in from their homesteads; lots of pedestrians, in smock frocks and wide-awakes over brown rosy faces, with ash sticks in hand, trotted along in great glee, all bound for the "meet." We were all in good humour—we cantered beside the carriages—we forgot our dignity, and said "good morning" to every one; even Mr. Chrysolite, the great critic from London, who hates hunting and everything of sport that cannot be performed on boards, by gaslight, thawed as he looked out of the barouche, and remarked that a scarlet coat on a gray horse, passing by a holly garden hedge at a distance on our right, made "a very nice bit of colour."

Thus trotting and pacing we reached the straight avenue that leads to Colonel Egret's house. Imagine a square stone house, of not very ancient date, sheltered by a semicircular mound, covered with the finest laurels and red berried arbutus; in front, and spread over the little park, nearly a hundred horses, some led, some mounted; on one side, in a circle kept clear, the huntsman, an old thin bright-eyed wiry man, on a fine bay mare,

much like the one I was riding, surrounded by his hounds; while the two whips—one the huntsman, one his son—rode round and kept them in order.

When the signal was given for moving, one of the whips rode first, then followed the huntsman with the hounds, then the other whip, and then the crowd, from Lord Strathdale, on the finest hunter in the world, stirrup to stirrup with Jack Jobson, the apothecary's apprentice, on his 15th Galloway. Crash, crash we went, the pebbles flying, at a sharp trot up a narrow lane; but way was politely made for the ladies.

The covert to be drawn, that is to say, where we were to find the fox, lay in a deep gorge,—a sort of grove of trees and brushwood, surrounded by a great hedge and ditch, intersected by a stream, which, on leaving the covert, meandered through a long vale of meadows, as we could see for a long distance. The carriages were drawn up on the brow of a grass-hill; the horsemen dispersed in patches round the covert—some got finely scolded for being in the way. Tom Beaton brought up an old groom to me and Mrs. O'Moran, and said, "These ladies can ride better than the rest, so I wish you to let them see as much as possible; of course, if we take the vale, they can't follow." As he spoke, the huntsman leaped the fence of the covert, the hounds dashed in before him, and spread: we could see them, here and there, their tails waving above the long dry grass. There was a silence for a few minutes, the hounds, all but one or two, disappeared; gentlemen chatting and smoking; then came a sharp shrill cry from a hound; then the huntsman cried, "Hark to Echo!" with such a voice! then the other hounds all joined, and we could see them below us, rushing round close to the hedge; then they were silent, only now and then a low whimpering cry from a single hound. My horse pricked up his ears,—the sportsmen gathered up their reins, and threw away their cigars; then came a grand crash of the hounds,—"Tally-ho! away!" cried a green-coated farmer. Down the steep hill, at full speed, toward a monstrous hedge and ditch, leading to the valley, rode a score of horsemen; at the further end of the cover we could see the hounds leaping out, and, with one cry, away over the green valley at our feet. The huntsman crashed through the bushes, leaped the hedge and ditch that surrounded the covert at a standing jump, and, blowing his horn, followed at full speed; half-a-dozen of the best mounted scarlet and green were soon at his heels, others galloped wildly about, looking for easy places to get to them, or avoid the brook, soon to be crossed. "We shall never see them again," said the road-riders, "if they keep to the valley."

As I sat staring with all my eyes, the old groom said, "This way, Miss," and, in a moment, we were galloping, at full speed, along the high ground, forming the arc of the bow the hounds and hunters were traversing below us. When we passed the cover we saw them once or twice; soon sight and sounds were lost, but our guide seemed to know his line, led the way through gaps, opened gates, and pulled down rails, with extraordinary agility for so old a man, while I found Orion as tractable as a pony, very fast, and easy to sit. To our fears, he answered shortly, "If they don't kill below, he (the fox) will make for Red Mill gorse, and we shall be there first Miss, never fear." So field after field was passed, up and down through farm-yards, then along lanes, a few knowing fat farmers following "old Tom Pelham," and, after about half-an-hour's riding, without taking a leap beyond a little ditch or two, as we came up a narrow lane where there was a great waggon full of straw stopping up all the way, we saw the hounds slowly crossing before us, and came to a check in a field full of sheep on our left. By this time my impatience and courage were at boiling point; Mrs. O'Moran, who is a splendid horsewoman, began to talk with more Irish accent, and her cheeks glowed. While we were dead-locked in the lane, the hounds spreading and questing about, the huntsman followed, his horse all foam, called his hounds to him, led them on to another field ("made a cast" is the term). The dear things went snuffing about. Tom Beaton, Harkaway, Lord Strathdale, an Irish parson, and two farmers came up; the next minute, with just one cry, the hounds streamed away. A great ditch and blackthorn-hedge lay between us; the only open place was where a plank led to a high double footstile; as Tom Beaton passed, standing up in his stirrups, crying, "Tally-ho! forward—forward!" Mrs. O'Moran said, "I can't stand this, my dear,—you stay with the groom. Come up, my Beauty!" and she was over the stile; before I knew what I was about I gave Orion his head, and he followed; oh! how frightened I was when he rose in the air, but he dropped on his feet like a deer. Some one cried out with amazement; the next moment the old groom was at my side, saying, as we raced along, "Sit back, Miss, and don't touch the curb-rein." Away we went, over broad pastures, Mrs. O'Moran leading the way, taking hedges, and turf-banks, and ox-rails, as straight as a line. About two fields ahead were the hounds, and the gentlemen were separated from us, on a parallel line, by high inclosures, their horses more tired than ours. On we flew,—flying is the only word,—I lost my whip and one glove, my back hair tumbled down, I felt that my horse, so strong, so light,—bounding as if on steel springs,—could do anything. The old groom was ready in a moment to open a gate; through a small wood we galloped, by a bridle road, a steep down hill, muddy and narrow, the branches scratching our faces,—the hounds scarcely pausing, but just whimpering, and then away,—out we came upon a broad, long, sloping field, where we could see a brook, zig-zagging at the bottom. As we got outside, the leading hounds were climbing the opposite bank; about a dozen out of the whole field were scattered before us. "Hold hard, Miss," cried old Pelham. "Come along," cried the Irish widow, "we'll show them the way." I was mad—I was ready for anything. Down we went, racing over the sloping turf; as we came up I had an indistinct vision of two or three velvet caps floundering in the brook. I gave a loud scream, and the next moment Orion was landed on the opposite side, clear over Mr. Harkaway and his chesnut. With that effort my strength seemed to fail, my eyes swam, my chest heaved; I was wearied, but I would not give in. Up the opposite hill we went about a mile; fortunately, the fences were easy. Tom Beaton rode beside me, scolding a little, but I made no answer; crossing a turf-bank, half-a-dozen yards from the hounds, and a hundred from a gorse cover, we caught sight of the white-tipped brush of the fox. The next moment the crash of the hounds, and the whoo-whoop of the huntsman, told the tale. I got over the last fence, how, I know not; I saw the huntsman with the dead fox in his hands; I heard Mrs. O'Moran say something to Lord S., pointing to me; the next moment, I am ashamed to own it, I slipped from my horse, and fainted. Tom Beaton just caught me in time.

But it was only momentary. I revived after a drink from Lord Strathdale's silver flask, in time to see so many coming up at full speed from all sides, that it was a wonder where they had been. I rode home in one of the carriages, and got a good scolding; it was very naughty, but very nice. Tell me, my dear Polly, was not this a famous Christmas game. I should so like to live in the country. But it is getting late; I have filled my paper. Adieu, my dear girl, and don't scold your Tom-boy friend. Write soon.

Your affectionate
JULIA.

P.S.—Tom Beaton, who has been looking over my shoulder, says I shall live in the country if I like, and ride Orion every week in the season. Will you be bridesmaid, my dear?

THE SQUANDERS OF SQUANDER CASTLE:

BY WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "The Black Prophet," "Miser," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. W. TOPHAM.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

CHAPTER I.—HOW I CAME TO EDUCATE MR. SQUANDER'S "WHELPS."

THE history, both natural, moral, social, and domestic, of the Squanders, of Castle Squander, is one with which Providence, for purposes very agreeable and disastrous to myself, thought fit to make me acquainted. I am the son of a man who was, for some years, a bailiff upon the Castle Squander property; and, having been gifted with an apt apprehension for picking up knowledge, and a rather extensive imagination, concatenated with a strong affection for field sports—and, indeed, for sport of every

upon two feathers, kept his dancing-school in my father's barn. He was nicknamed Buckramback, because, in the year of the Irish Rebellion he was flogged to that degree that his back became, from what we may very fairly term hard usage, so indurated, that, being used to it, like the cook's eels, the cat-o'-nine-tails had no more effect upon him than upon so much cork or buckram. Indeed, in the long run, he used to go into the enemy's camp, and sing high treason, at the top of his lungs, in order that they might

it, he suffered himself to fall, as it were, from the dignity of his profession; but he cared not—his anxiety was to make "ladies" of his female pupils, and "gentlemen" of the frieze-coats.

"Harry Halloran," he would say to the son of some rude but wealthy farmer, "have your best turkey ready to-morrow, with punch and a bottle of wine, for I will carve and do the honours wid you. I will show you what is meant by High Life and Mathematics; or, in other words, what is known and practised by the quality as the polite Science of Carvation."

My poor mother, who had a high strain in her, felt delighted at this opportunity of getting her daughters taught "to walk proud, like the ladies;" and my father, the bailiff, who had an eye to an agency, in the distance, for some of us, felt equally anxious that we should know something of high life and mathematics; the mathematics having consisted in the most scientific method of carving a fowl—a hint which the dancing-master had received from O'Shaughran, the Philomath; who, with the aid of some old cookery-book, contrived to reduce the operation to a geometrical problem.

At all events, such was Buckramback's love for this agreeable scheme, that, so far as fowl were concerned, he cleared out the poultry-yards of almost every farmer in the neighbourhood; and were it not that my worthy father, as bailiff of the Castle Squander property, was supplied with an incredible number of fowl from the unfortunate tenants—in the shape, among more substantial tokens, of bribes—I don't think that even we could have supplied him with subjects for his "High Life and Mathematics."

This, however, was not all. O'Shaughran was always sure to come on these occasions with the aforesaid old cookery-book in his pocket; and, having pulled it out, and placed it before me and my brothers whilst Buckramback was operating, he pointed out to us what he termed the great Gastronomic Problem—which he said consisted in carving the fowl according to the principles discovered by that great philosopher Captain Cook.

Heaven help us! In what a beautiful and intellectual state was the country at that time—when everyone of us, young and old, looked upon these two men as each infallible in his way!

I know there are several societies, both in England and Ireland, for the Insurance of Lives—which I conceive to be a fraud upon the public in general; as I don't suppose that one single society of them—any more than all of them put together—could extend a man's life beyond the moment appointed by Providence for his death. Be this, however, as it may, I am of opinion, that if such an extension were possible, there are in existence no two individuals who require the benefit of such societies more than an Irish Bailiff and an Irish Landlord—pardon me, I forgot the Irish Agent. My poor father was a good, kind man in his own family; but, somehow or other, he had contracted, from the habit of his profession, that kind of instinct which we may notice in the hound, when the scent of an unfortunate and inoffensive hare comes in his way. Pity, compassion, sympathy, or fellow-feeling for those against whom he had his writ of ejectment, or any other of those various documents by which he was usually authorised to act, were to him principles which he could not understand. The spirit of his employment, and his anxiety to gratify those who had selected him for it, had so completely hardened his heart, that, if he felt anything in the shape of conscience—anything that soothed and gratified it in the discharge of his duty—it was when he had cast a sharper and more inhuman spirit into the discharge of that duty. In point of fact, I think his conscience was completely inverted; for, if ever he experienced anything like regret or remorse, it was for some over-indulgence to the wretched people, or some opportunity for further speculation which he had inconsiderately let slip him. To effect his caprice, or the execution of his writ, in the most complete manner, without reference to the circumstances of the individual or the family on whom he pounced—without reference to sex—to age—to sickness—or even to insanity itself—was what he looked upon as constituting his merit and his pride.

And yet it is surprising to think how the people liked him! Yes, liked him! Certainly they must have liked him, or how could it have come to pass that he was uniformly treated with such wonderful kindness and respect? How could it happen that any man whom they detested should have received so many fat geese, turkeys, ducks, and fowl of every description; so many bags of oats; so many miscauns of butter; young pigs, and various



THE HEDGE SCHOOLMASTER.

description—I soon began to be looked upon as a rather remarkable youth. I received my education on the sunny side of a plantation seminary, or what the vulgarians of the country term a hedge-school. The master of this school was a very remarkable man, as an English and classical didactic. His name was O'Shaughran, which signifies "a man on the stry," and, indeed, he was seldom off it; being as genuine a specimen of the peripatetic school as e'er a learned vagabond in the records of old Greece itself. There was scarcely a county in Ireland into which he had not made victorious inroads, conquering, like Alexander, all the literary opponents that came in his way, and either making them knock under, or, in case of resistance, banishing them from the place of their jurisdiction, or, as he called it himself, "evanishing into thin air."

"Gentlemen," he would often say, "sobriety and learning are two things altogether incompatible. Poetry and poteen are both derivated from the same root—*póico, facio*, to make, to build, to construct. The human brain is a dead letter, until it is irradiated and vivified by 'the genuine.' Here am I now, the most celebrated classical didactic, and the greatest Philomath in Ireland, and yet, without the poteen, my head is nothing but a well-stored granary under lock and bar; or a fountain sealed up, of which poteen may be considered the key; for the moment it is applied the granary is open—the fountain is unsealed, and those who hunger and thirst after knowledge may feed and drink abundantly. Randy O'Rollick approach, *sine metu*. I cherish large expectations from you, Randy; taking your juvenile years into question, you have distinguished yourself oftener by drinking draughts of the true Pierian than any *condiscipulus* I ever had under my care. Go on, therefore, and prosper, Randy; get your inspiration from that which eschews the gauger—bad luck to him!—and you will be heard of yet.

There's great old Homer,
That fine old poemier,
'Twasn't in St. Omer's he sucked it in;
The thundering rhymier,
Got always a primer
From copious draughts of the true poteen."

Randy, there's a *poculum* there beyant, with a drop of the *optima creatura* in it: will you hand it hether? Thanks, Randy; *ago tibi gratias*, Randy. *Propino tibi salutem*, Randy; and, here's that you may rise to celebrity yet!"

It is not to be supposed that, under the tuition and example of such a man, I did not make a suitable progress. Mr. O'Shaughran always, as was then the custom, went round to the houses of his wealthiest pupils at night, and, among the rest, he did not neglect to pay my father a visit. Now my father—though a bailiff upon the Castle Squander property—was a man well to do in the world. Indeed, in the good old times, it sometimes happened that the bailiff, if a smart and knowing man, and with a *naso adunco* to business, succeeded in elevating himself through all the usual gradations of office until he found himself acting, *pleno velo*, in the full and unlimited capacity of agent. Or, if he felt that, from want of education, he himself was incapable of that glorious uprise, he not unfrequently got one of his sons—of course the cleverest and most roguish of them—indoctrinated into the pure and transparent profession of an attorney. This, together with an appropriate inoculation by his father into all the nice tricks and plausible iniquities connected with the management of property, gave the young scion a profound and copious knowledge of the business of an agent, by which he contrived to advance himself gradationally, until, in some instances, the property got into what is called a transition state, and ultimately passed—all through his own kindness and friendly aid—from its original owners into his own hands.

O'Shaughran, then, knowing that my father enjoyed a good deal of local celebrity for excellent housekeeping, and that he was seldom without a good bottle of the true Pierian, took a peculiar fancy not only to myself, but expressed a warm friendship for the whole family at large. In fact, I often thought there was a conspiracy between him and a circulating *saltator* of a dancing-master against my father's hung-beef, bacon, and whiskey; but in an especial manner against the whole body of our domestic ornithology. The plot between the two scheming thieves was as follows:—Paddy Dogherty, as great a little rebel as ever walked

put him on the triangles, where he used to consider it as an amusement, and make faces at the drummers and other officers about him, as if the whole thing was only a piece of fun—and devil a thing else it was to him. At long last the Government found it was too expensive to be eternally whipping him, without effect; for they lost more in cat-o'-nine-tails than ever they gained by his punishment. He had got a line out of some great writer, which he kept repeating to the drummers while flogging him—

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries, hold, enough!"

Lord Cornwallis, who happened to be present on one of these occasions, was so much struck with the little fellow's courage that he gave him a pass, written by his own hand, and a guinea to boot; after which the tiny rebel danced the "Little House under the Hill" upon one of the drum-heads, to show his gratitude.

Well, as I said, he kept his dancing-school in my father's barn, where he had a great many pupils; but he did not confine himself to mere dancing; he also taught, what has since been termed, "deportment"—a devilish difficult piece of science, as I have been given to understand. His deportment embraced, perhaps, a greater variety of accomplishments than ever was comprehended within the prospectus of the most fashionable French Professor. He taught the girls, for instance, the most fashionable method of kissing; and how they were to kiss, more or less, according to the hold which the gentlemen kissing them had upon their affections. His two great principles, however, as they affected either sex were:—first, that for females—which consisted in teaching them how "to hold up their heads, and walk proud like



THE DANCING ACADEMY.

the ladies." The other consisted in teaching the young frieze-coats "how to carve like gentlemen." Here now was where our ornithology suffered in this point, having the conspiracy I spoke of between himself and the schoolmaster. This last lesson was a purely domestic one—and a great proof of his condescension and regard for those to whom he vouchsafed to disclose it. In giving

other *et ceteras* of that kind? Yes, I maintain it, my father was a popular man. In fair and in market he was treated as such. How frequently in these places has he been asked in to drink with the tenantry, and forced to partake of the best the house could furnish; and that even by those who were a little behind in their rent, and who could, consequently, least afford it! No—upon

further reflection, I maintain it—my father must have been a feeling and a kind-hearted man; for I can assure you, gentle reader, that on these occasions, when the unhappy people were committing many a doleful narrative of their hard situations to his kind confidence, he treated them with such a degree of sympathy, and promised to intercede for them with the landlord, and get them time—with such an honest and unquestionable sincerity that they have kept blessing him, and bribing him—the latter at his own benevolent suggestion—until he was found to come down upon them at one fell swoop; and if he was harsh then, and forgot all his friendship—all his promises—all their bribes—all his sympathy—was it not in the discharge of his



"AND SUCH WAS THE END OF MY POOR FATHER."

duty? No; I do not think there ever was a more popular bailiff—only that one night, after having levied an execution on the furniture, cattle, and hag-yard of a sick, but honest family, he preferred staying out, instead of returning to his own house that night. Neither did he come home in the morning—nor at noon—nor at night again; and it was only after a search of three days that he was found in a copse of hazel, with two additional "solutions of continuity," as the surgeons say, in his head, more than ever Nature had originally placed there. In other words, the poor, kind-hearted man, who was so well beloved by the people, and loaded with so many substantial tokens of their regard, was forced to die an *extempore* death, without priest or friar, judge or jury, having received a bullet right through the head; and such was the end of my poor father.

My mother, on the contrary, was not indeed such a wife to him as she ought to have been. Many a time after his return home, boasting of the success with which he had executed his mission against some unfortunate family, has she risen up,—but this was when we were poor,—and bringing a noggin of buttermilk, dashed it between his eyes, exclaiming—

"You hardened vagabone!—why do you take delight in the misery of these unfortunate people? Why don't you throw up your situation, and stick to your honest industry? Why will you let yourself become a tool of the devil in the hands of any landlord? Do you remember—can you forget—what we suffered when the bailiffs were upon ourselves? Do you remember Frank M'Murt's conduct, and his treachery to us, after all the presents we sent him? And yet you'll allow yourself to become an instrument of hell in the hands of these Squanders, of Castle Squander, to harrish your fellow-creatures? Faugh upon you! But mark the end of it. Ah! you give notice—by the way—to these poor creatures; but, take my word for it, that if you don't act in a milder and kinder spirit, *your death will be without notice.*"

My father never answered her, for he was a mild man at home; but he used to wink at us. And then, after getting in the whiskey bottle, he would sit down, very comfortably, and take two or three tumblers of punch.

This was fair enough; but then we always had a second quarrel; for, when he began to get maudlin and moistened, he used to express pity for the creatures that had been turned out or ruined. Then my mother, who, as I said, was of a high strain, thought worse of this than she did of the other; and, God knows, many a malivogueing she gave him, for what she called, "his harpocrisy."

For some years this went on; but, as my mother saw the means and circumstances of the family increasing, and knew that every act of rapacity and fraud on the part of my father, went to fill his pockets, it was wonderful how gradually she softened the tone of her rebukes, until ultimately she had actually imbibed and identified herself with his spirit.

"Poor creatures," she would say, "we know they are to be pitied, no doubt; but, then, on the other hand, *one must do their duty.*"

Such, however, is life; and such, too often, the strength of human virtue, when opposed to temptation.

After my father's death matters began to retrograde a good deal, and I must say that a large portion of my mother's sorrow for the poor man who had received an ejection out of life without notice, was occasioned as much by the cessation of those handsome perquisites which he squeezed out of the unfortunate tenantry, as by his simple loss. She was, at this time, what is called, in Ireland, a comely *flahoolagh* widow, and in six months or so after the sad event I have just narrated, began to throw her eye about for a second husband. This was evident from her neglect of the family, and a more than usual attention to the decoration of her person; her dress, indeed, exhibited more show than taste, and caused a good deal of satire and amusement among the neighbours. She now began to attend fairs and markets, although she had no earthly business at them, unless very rarely. Her affection also for our neighbours, and her sympathy for their bereavements, increased so much, that, I'll be bound to say, a single wake did not take place for miles around at which she was not present. Now, as there is no meeting of any kind so remarkable for fun and courting as an Irish wake where sorrow is fairly smothered in mirth, I think we need not travel far to find out the cause of her sympathy for those who had lost their friends. Be this as it may, she was captivated by a species of Irish character, called a *Sportheen*, which means a frolicsome and amusing vagabond, who detests work and industry; attends every dance, wake, fair, race, and other place of diversion within his reach; carries his wealth and wardrobe on his back, and laughs, and drinks, and fights his pleasant way through the world.

To make a long story short, as the "diverting vagabond" wanted a hearth and feeding-place of his own, and finding that the bouncing widow had both, he made up to her; the negotiations were short, as they always are where the parties are willing,

and, in a brief space of time, she "metamorphied" the *Sportheen* blade into a stepfather.

Alas! alas! Here is where the unfortunate orphan is soon taught to draw the painful distinction between the spurious and the true, between the homely touch of nature, and the hollow heartlessness of self-interest and pretence. Our father, though hard in the heart as a Scotch whinstone, when executing his writs and decrees, was not, nevertheless, without strong touches of domestic affection, and loved his children so well that he had projected a little scheme of ambition for each. It was now, however, we missed him; it was now we perceived the startling and incredible change of which a woman's heart,—nay, even a mother's,—is capable, when she suffers any single passion to overcome her. The jolly, pleasant, rollicking *sportheen*, who had been, and still was, to others all laughter, jest, and light-heartedness, was a most merciless and unfeeling tyrant to us, and evidently set his heart upon banishing us from the family. Young as we were, it was impossible to avoid suspecting this, and, after the birth of their first child, he no longer concealed his purpose. Every day, upon the slightest pretence, he beat us black and blue; but there is no evil without its good. His severity only knit our hearts and affections more closely together, and caused us to love each other with greater tenderness. My eldest sister was a beautiful and modest girl, and when I used to see the unoffending creature with a black eye, which was often the case, I swore that if God spared me, I would work a fearful revenge upon the smiling and unmanly villain who treated her with such barbarity.

I now felt that it was necessary to do something for myself, and, consequently, devoted every hour I could spare to self-improvement. I had laid in a tolerably good stock of mathematics, with a fair share of Greek and Latin, and was gifted, besides, with a good natural intellect; but that which stood me most instead, was a pleasant, social disposition, and an unconquerable love for what my old master, O'Shaughran, used to term the "true Pierian."

In Ireland, at this period, it may be necessary to mention, that no man with pretensions to instruct youth, or, in other words, to keep a hedge-school, had any chance whatever for support unless he was remarkable for a love of drink. A kind of corrupt superstition prevailed among the people that the drunken schoolmaster was always a man of the greatest talent and acquirements; a superstition which originated from the well-known fact that clever teachers were so completely debauched by the kindness and hospitality of the people that the effect was mistaken for the cause. Such, however, was the fact, nor is it yet wholly obliterated from the country.

One day, at this time, our landlord, Squire Squander, accompanied by his three slips of sons, having been out shooting, and the day being warm, happened to call in for a drink. My stepfather was in the house at the time, and the squire, having satisfied his thirst, sat down to rest.

"Well, Mrs. Murphy," said he, addressing my mother, for I should say that Murphy was the name of our vagabond stepfather, the *sportheen*, a circumstance which caused me to commit the little pun of *meta-murphied* above; "well, Mrs. Murphy," said he, "so you have got married again. This man, I suppose, is your husband?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Well, and is he a good husband to you?"

"Better never broke bread, your honour."

"Kind to your children, eh?"

"He's the moral (model) of a good husband, sir," (equivocating).

"This pretty girl one of your daughters, eh?"

"Yes, your honour."

"A very pretty girl—a very pretty girl, indeed; there Dick," said he, addressing the eldest, "what do you think of that bit o' goods, eh, my boy?"

"Her points are good; admirable, father; but, come here, my pretty girl."

My sister withdrew, for I need scarcely say that there was such a licentious leer in the eye of the young prodigal as would cause any modest girl to avoid him.



"AND, IN A BRIEF SPACE OF TIME, SHE 'METAMURPHIED' THE SPORTHEEN BLADE INTO A STEPFATHER."

"Why don't you go over to the young gentleman?" said my mother. "Go over to him, when he bids you."

"No matter," said Master Dick. "It doesn't signify; I know the cause of it. Pray, my dear, how did you get the black eye? It's a thousand pities to see such a pretty girl as you are with a black eye."

"Indeed, your honour," replied my mother, "it was a kick she got from one of the cows, while milkin."

"May be your honour," said my stepfather, "you and the young gentlemen would taste a drop of good spirits and water after the fatigue of shootin? Troth, it was very stupid of me not to think of it before."

To this the squire made no reply.

"You shan't carry it off that way either," thought I, stepping forward. "Please, your honour, if you wish to know who gave my sister the black eye, there he stands, that smiling hypocrite; that cruel and cowardly scoundrel before you. It would be better for us to be dead, than lead the life we lead with him. There is not a week that my sister—that modest, inoffensive girl—has not a black eye from his hand. And now, sir, he is going to put us out of the house, upon the wide world, without shelter or protection."

"Come, come, come," said the squire. "Eh?—What is this? What is this? A bad business; come here, my girl; don't be afraid to speak. Is this true?"

"It's true, sir, every word of it," she replied, with a curtsy. "I couldn't tell your honour the life we lead with him."

"What do you say, Mrs. Murphy? You are their mother, eh? Is this true?"

"Never mind them, your honour," she replied. "A better stepfather never breathed; but, indeed, if you knew the treatment he gets, you'd wonder at his forbearance."

"Don't spake anything against the childre, at any rate," said the cowardly hypocrite. "I can bear enough, God knows, and do too, but say nothing against them."

"Come here, my girl," proceeded the Squire; "do you tell me, seriously and solemnly, in the presence of God, that it was this man here" (pointing to my stepfather) "who left you in this state?"

"In the presence of God, it was," she replied; "and the truth, your honour, is, that although he is driving us out of our own father's roof, and from our own father's property, we are not sorry for it. Beggary, starvation, or death itself, would be better than the life he leads us."

"Well," said the Landlord, "I am sorry to hear this; your father—one of the most useful and energetic officers I ever had—lost his life in my service; and I am bound to see that his children shall not be oppressed. Mr. *Sportheen* Murphy, I have heard of the treatment this young family receive at your hands; heard it from a hundred quarters—and, what is more, I am now satisfied of its truth. I came here, in fact, for that purpose. Now listen to me, you unmanly scoundrel—as the boy said—the lease of this farm is out—so is your tenure of it. You must clear off; but these children shall remain in it. I do not wish to say anything harsh to your wife; but this property is neither hers nor yours—it belongs to them, and they shall have it. Cut your stick, then, you ruffian; I give you a month from this day, and if I find you here afterwards, out you go, without ceremony. I shall have notices served to-morrow. The furniture and everything else is to remain for the benefit of the children. Come, boys!"

As he spoke, the brow of *Sportheen* grew black as night; and I, who knew the spirit of vengeance and cruelty that was within him, began to fear for the Landlord; and the more so as I knew that the fellow was in the habit of being out whole nights, seldom making his appearance until early in the morning. Nor was this all. I once or twice observed about his throat and the roots of his hair traces of the stuff with which the White-boys* are in the habit of blackening their faces.

"Sir," said I, stepping forward, "we feel deeply indebted to you for your kindness; but, if you please, it is not our wish that you should push matters to such extremities. If the *Sportheen* here, will promise, in your presence, not to beat or annoy us any more, we would rather, for our mother's sake, that we should remain as we are. As for myself, I hope I'm able to earn my bread as a schoolmaster; the neighbours have promised to support me."

"Indeed!" said the Squire; "are you well educated?"

"Only comparatively speaking, sir," I replied. "I know a trifle of mathematics, and am not altogether ignorant of Latin and Greek."

"How!—how!"—he exclaimed—"do you tell me so? We are packing off a chap from Trinity College; as confounded a block-head as ever opened a book. The parson—who was once a Fellow himself, and a devilish good fellow he is still—examined this worthy, and discovered his ignorance. Whatever he did know, instead of communicating it to my whelps, here, he amused himself in making love to my daughter. Off he goes to-morrow morning. Dick, what would you think of this young fellow for a tutor?"

"Deuce a better, father. He's worth any money out with

the gun or harriers; and as for bait or fly-fishing, he's matchless. Engage him."

"What's your name?" asked the Squire. "I mean your Christian name."

"Randal, sir; commonly called Randy."

* This looks like a bull; but it is not so. They were called "White-boys" because they wore shirts over their dresses when out at night; but they always went with blackened faces. Both were resorted to, to disguise themselves.

"Randy," he repeated; "yes, that's far better than Randal—Randy rhymes with Brandy. I think I have heard of you. You love your drop, I'm told; isn't this he, Dick?" turning to the eldest.

"The same," said Master Dick; "he's up to everything; from a needle to an anchor—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. Isn't that so, Randy?"

"I have never committed manslaughter yet, sir," I replied, looking fiercely at my stepfather; "but I won't promise that I may not have it to answer for in another twelve months, if my sisters and brothers are not better treated."

"Call him out, Randy," said Master Dick; "curse me, if you do, I'll furnish you both with the Point Blanks. I say, Murphy—or *Sportheen*, or whatever your name is—will you fight him with pistols, at twelve paces?"

"No," replied the *Sportheen*, who, in point of fact, was an arrant coward whenever he chanced to have his match before him; "I'll do no such thing."

"Well, then," replied the other, "I'll tell you what, if I ever hear that you raise your hand to one of this family again, I give you my honour that I'll horse-whip you within an inch of your life; and as to this pretty girl, especially, if ever you injure a hair of her beautiful head, I'll make you smoke; so don't be afraid of him, my pretty lass—I'll be your protector!"

The father laughed heartily at this manifestation of Master Dick's gallantry.

"Bravo, Dick!" said he; "well done!—a chip of the old block, as sure as suds isn't claret. Do you hear, you *Sportheen* fellow!" he proceeded—nodding, however, towards the son—"Mark his words—you had better; for, upon my honour, if you maltreat these children again, he'll make them good; or, if he doesn't, I will. Come, boys!"

"But, about Randy, father!" said Master Dick. "Zounds! engage him. He'll be worth any money. It was he rode, and won, the match for Colonel Coppernose, upon Daddy-long-legs, against M'Namara's Cannon-ball."

"I'll tell you what, then, Randy," said the Squire, addressing me; "come over to-morrow evening to the castle. Dr. M'Claret is to dine with us: he was once a Fellow of Trinity College; and they say, was then the devil at the books—as he is now at the bottle. Come over, then, to-morrow evening; and if you stand a

"Well, he's as simple as a child, and will believe anything you tell him. Now, if you take a rise out of him, you will break my father's heart with fun. In the meantime, I have hid all the books, so that if he examines you at all, it must be from memory. Play him off now, Randy, will you?"

"I'll do my endeavour," I replied, corroborating my natural modesty with another glass. "I shall do my endeavour, Master Dick. In the meantime, lead me to him; show me the enemy, and, by the fame of the great O'Shaughran, he shall suffer."

Poteen, when taken neat, as I then took it, beats champagne all to nothing in rapidity of operation. In the course of a few minutes it diffuses a most delectable sensation throughout the whole system; makes the wit ready, the humour free and rich, the imagination prolific, the heart light and happy, and calls up all the faculties of the mind into their highest point of action. Accordingly, when I entered the parlour, I felt that the easy assurance with which Nature had originally gifted me, was so ably sustained and expanded by the poteen, that I would, at the time, have as soon faced the Provost of "ould Trinity" himself as the good-natured and simple parson whom I was about to encounter.

Dr. M'Claret was rather tall and thin, with a complexion which it is very difficult to describe, inasmuch as I remember no particular colour, nor combination of colours, that could give the reader any notion of it. It had been, originally, pale, and, with certain exceptions, might almost be considered so still; yet a second glance would cause you to change that opinion. Sometimes you felt disposed to call it red, yet this impression disappeared as fast as the other. The face, in fact, seemed to be in that transition state which intimates the great struggle between the original hue of nature and that superinduced by indulgence, reminding one of the pale blush of morning twilight which characterises the eastern sky before the broad sun flushes it into triumphant purple. He was a calm quiet man, who spoke both lowly and slowly, of an extremely timid disposition, and so full of politeness and courtesy that he was always willing to concede his opinion rather than run the risk of displeasing you by contradiction. He was also exceedingly absent, and so credulous, that, as he never told a falsehood himself, so he took it for granted that every one else possessed an equal regard for truth. Many a prank was played off on him by the young Squanders, especially by that promising

I felt such a strong disposition to distinguish myself, and attract attention towards the display I was about to make, at the expense of the parson, that I began to entertain suspicions—aided by certain symptoms about my head—as to whether my position was, even then, one of perfect sobriety. Be this as it may, the Squire, having got a hint from precious Master Dick that I was ready for the encounter, knocked on the table, to secure silence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I beg your particular attention for a few minutes. Here is a young sprout, the son of O'Rollick, my bailiff, who, you must all remember, died a *natural* death one night about a couple of years ago."

"Pardon me, sir," said the Parson; "I trust you will excuse me; but, however, I fear I am interrupting you."

"Not at all, Doctor; proceed."

"No, no; I am certainly interrupting you."

"Devil a bit, Doctor; go on with your observation."

"Well then, since you permit me, I thought you said that your bailiff, O'Rollick, I think, died a *natural* death."

"Well, and so I did."

"Because it strikes me; but, perhaps it proceeds from a lapse of memory—indeed, I forget myself in—"

"Never, Doctor, when you have a jug of claret before you," observed Colonel Coppernose, with a laugh which pealed round the table.

"Ah, Colonel!" said one of the fox-hunters; "the next time you survey your own nose in a looking-glass your conscience ought to smite you for that observation—that is, if you have such a thing."

"Thank you, sir," said the Parson, making him a bow of great suavity; "thank you very much. I feel indebted to you, sir—a bumper of claret with you, sir; that was very well said, indeed. A purple nose, was it you said? I dare say you are right; but, unfortunately, I always laboured under the misapprehension that it was plain copper." An observation which, because it was made apparently in the simplicity of the good man's heart, turned the laugh completely against the Colonel, who enjoyed it himself as much as any of them.

"However, as I was saying," resumed the Parson, "it struck me that he was *assassinated*."

"And confound you, Doctor," replied the Squire, "don't you know that, in this country, *assassination* is the *natural* death of a bailiff?"

This occasioned another roar; the parson bowed—apologised—begged pardon—said he had not been aware of that fact. "It is very odd," said he, as if to himself; "I must take a note of it. Assassination the *natural* death of a *landlord*; dear me, it is very odd indeed!" and he gently slipped down another bumper of claret; which he drank with that thorough sense of enjoyment which is exhibited by a luxuriant shutting of the eyes.

The fact is, many supposed the Doctor to be a kind of wag, in his way. For instance, he was in the habit of expressing his wonder at several things which he heard related, and of repeating them, as it were, to himself; but always with some variation or blunder, which uniformly—whether by accident or design—involved something satirical, either against the speaker or the person spoken of. This habit of the Doctor's was the subject of much mirthful speculation—one class insisting that it was premeditated, whilst another ascribed it to his natural propensity to make mistakes. The point, however, proceed from what cause it might, was never definitively settled. I am myself of opinion that there lurked some sly satire and waggery under the worthy Doctor's simplicity.

"But, hang it, I didn't say *landlord*," replied the Squire.

"I believe, however," observed the Coroner, "that, of the two, the Doctor has gone nearer the truth."

"Well, no matter," said Squander, feeling a little uneasy; "it's rather an unpleasant subject—whilst we live, let us live. Here, you Randy! Dick, have you the books? This is a young sprig, Doctor, to whom, as his father lost his life in my service, I'm determined to give the tuition of these whelps of mine, if he's found fit for it; and, for this purpose, I trust you will examine him, and report the result."

"You must examine him from memory, Doctor, I fear," said Dick; "I have searched the whole house for the books, and cannot find them. I suppose the Tutor must have put them aside, and he's gone to take his place in the coach, for to-morrow morning." On concluding, he winked at his father, who, in his turn, winked at the others, so that they all were prepared for some humorous display—occasioned, as they knew it must be, by the Doctor's simplicity of character.

"It will be very difficult to examine him without books," observed the good-natured man; "and must be peculiarly disadvantageous to himself—poor boy. What course have you read, my good lad?"

To which I firmly replied, "'The Plantation Course' in Mathematics, and 'The Poteen Course' in Classics."

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "that is very odd—very odd, indeed. These are two courses which I have never heard of. Well—you are a mathematician, you say? but we shall see." And out he came with some confounded problem, of which, for the life of me, without pen and ink, I could make nothing.

I found myself in "a fix," as they say in America, and saw that I had nothing for it but to make a demonstration of a different kind. I accordingly asked him, in Irish, what was the last news from purgatory, and whether his honest father's soul was yet redeemed out of it; for it may be necessary to say here that the Doctor, though of a highly respectable family in the north of Ireland, had been originally a Catholic, but understood not a syllable of Irish. An expression so puzzled, disastrous, and comical, from that very cause, settled upon his features, that the whole company, many of whom understood me thoroughly, were in convulsions.

"Oh," said the Doctor, "I beg your pardon, young man, you are a linguist, I perceive."

"Yes, sir," I replied boldly, "I am a linguist, and something besides, as you shall find."

"And, pray, what language is that in which you have just addressed me?"

"It's the vernacular, sir, of a certain country with whose history you are evidently unacquainted. Of a country, sir, whose inhabitants live upon a meal a month. Keep very little—for sound reasons—between themselves and the elements; and where abstinence from food is the national diversion."

"God bless me," exclaimed the Parson, "that's very odd—very odd, indeed. I shall take a note of that. How very like Ireland! But the problem, my good lad, you have not solved my problem."

"I have, sir," I replied, "beautifully; but unfortunately you are not capable of understanding the language in which I did it."

"That is evident, my good boy; that is evident. Of course I am bound to believe you. I dare say you are not easily understood. You are very clever indeed. So you assure me that you have solved the problem?"

"Very elegantly, sir, indeed."

"Very good—very good. This is an extremely smart boy, Mr. Squander. None but a smart lad could have solved that problem; and indeed he did it—that is, if he did it at all—I beg your pardon, my lad—with a great deal of natural ease."

"If he is as good at every thing else as he is at natural ease," said the Squire, laughing, "he will come to something yet."

"Did you ever taste claret, my boy?" the Doctor then asked me.

"I am getting a specimen of it for the first time to-night, sir," I replied.



"IF THE SPORTHEEN HERE WILL PROMISE, IN YOUR PRESENCE, NOT TO BEAT OR ANNOY US ANY MORE, WE WOULD RATHER, FOR OUR MOTHER'S SAKE, THAT WE SHOULD REMAIN AS WE ARE."

successful examination with him, why, as the whelps have taken a fancy to you, I'll talk with you about it. Good-bye, Mrs. Murphy; good-bye, youngsters; and, Mr. Sportheen, mind your points."

Dick was about to whisper something to my sister, but she withdrew, and he saw that it was "no go," as he would say himself. He then whispered me—

"Don't be afraid of M'Claret, Randy; we'll take care and make him half drunk before he examines you. If he goes too deep, look fierce, swear, and ask him if he means to insult you. By this means you'll cow the soul within him; for he hasn't the heart of a rabbit."

The worthy Squire, attended by his whelps, as he called them, and a couple of servants, who had remained outside, then took their way home, or rejoined the sport; I really, at this distance of time, forget which—neither does it much signify to the reader.

CHAPTER II.

I AM EXAMINED—APPOINTED—AND COMMENCE MY DUTIES.

THE next evening I accordingly repaired, as had been agreed upon, to Castle Squander, and on my name being sent in, Master Dick, in great glee, came out to me.

"Randy," said he, "we will have capital fun with M'Claret. He's more than half seas over; but, in order to give you courage, you must take a couple of glasses of brandy."

"Not brandy, Master Dick," I replied. "Give me the 'true Pierian'."

"What do you mean by the true Pierian?" he asked. "That's a liquor I never heard of."

"Yes, Master Dick; and often imbibed it, like mother's milk, to my own personal knowledge; the *succus hordei*, sir,—the juice of the barley—the true *poteen*."

"Ho! ho!" said he, laughing. "Is that where you are, Randy, my man? Come along," he added; "we have three hogsheds of it in the end of the dining-parlour, where my father makes a point to keep it, for a fortnight or three weeks, to give it what he calls 'a season.' However, we have dozens of it in the cellar, besides; follow me."

We accordingly repaired to the cellar, where he uncorked a bottle, whose fragrance—oh! it is perfectly useless to look out for a simile to illustrate it. The same fragrance should be felt, and the spirit which produced it tasted, in order to understand the full force of my meaning.

"Now," said Master Dick, "you know M'Claret's character, as well as I do; a good, kind-hearted, charitable, simple-minded parson, who gives away most of all he is worth to the poor. His only fault is that he loves a cup of liquor."

"Here's his health, Mr. Dick," said I; "don't call it a fault, and you'll oblige me."

youth, Master Dick, who has, in a state of disguise, received charity from him three or four times in the course of the same day. In fact, so well sustained was the system of plunder and robbery that was carried on against him, that if the simple-hearted man had not been in possession of good private property, he would have been, himself, one of the poorest wretches in his parish. Among others of his characteristics was a tendency to rebuke vice and give small infinitesimal expostulations in favour of religion and virtue, whenever he got maudlin; but these were always uttered with such blended timidity and courtesy—with such a trembling apprehension of giving offence, that they never failed to afford a very rich fund of amusement to the hardened crew for whose especial benefit they were delivered.

Of course, upon this occasion, I was dressed in my best apparel, which, between ourselves, was a little the worse of the wear; and were it not for my previous visit to the cellar, under the able auspices of Master Dick, I would have entered the dining-room with anything but the spirit of a hero. As it was, however, I felt no lack of assurance, as I said, for now that the artificial effrontery was added to the natural, I longed for the contest, especially as young Squander had given me an insight into the cowardly character of the parson. On entering, I found a company consisting of about eighteen or twenty individuals,—from the mellow Squireen, with his easy fluent brogue, to the lord-lieutenant of the county, including lawyers, officers of the army, the two sheriffs, the coroner, the gauger,—not to omit several foxhunting gentry, who wore their scarlet coats, top boots, and buckskins. The scene was a noisy one indeed, and the atmosphere of the apartment, what with the united fumes of various wines and whiskey-punch, was almost enough, of itself, to denude a man of his sobriety. My appearance had no other effect upon the Squire's guests than a stare or two from half-a-dozen of them, who once more fell into the noisy and turbulent stream of the conversation. The potatoes were certainly going on at a hard pace, as was evident from the frequent going out and in of the servants with fresh supplies of liquor.

"Father," said Master Dick, who was now permitted to do his duty as a man at the dinner-table, and to sit there as long as he pleased; "father," said he, "here is Randy coming to pass his examination with the parson."

"Ay!" exclaimed his father; "true, Dick. I had forgotten. Set him to the side-table, and let him have a stiff tumbler to strengthen his courage. Randy, did you drink anything stronger than water to-day, my boy—eh?"

"Punch didn't cross my lips to-day, sir," I replied; at which Master Dick clapped me on the back, and said, "Well done, Randy!—capital!"

The materials were then placed before me on the side-table, and, between Master Dick's exertions and mine in the concoction of the tumbler, I need scarcely say that it was a Nor'-wester. When it was finished, Dick would have had me take another, but

"Well, have a glass," he proceeded. "Master Richard, give him a glass of claret;" which Richard immediately did. "Claret, my lad, is a most delicious beverage after dinner; its exhilaration, though delightful, is gradual. Now I prefer claret, my lad, to any other liquor. It does not excite the passions, because if it did I would not drink it—but it awakens all the virtues—it—it only plays round the head, but then it reaches the heart, and refines all our sentiments; it kindles up religion, and a love of our kind, and in—in—in—fact it promotes harmless convivial converse and uni—univer—versal harmony."

"Claret, sir," I exclaimed, after having finished the glass—"here take it away, Master Dick—the glass I mean; why, sir, no man that hadn't a heart of ice, and the blood of a frog in him, would drink such stuff as that, Doctor! No, sir; but if you wish to awaken, and look about you in the world, and not to pass through life in a dream; if you wish to have a warm heart, a clear head, a good appetite, and an honest conscience, take to the true *poteen*. Doctor, you will never be a man if you don't—nor know until after you are dead whether ever you were alive or not. That's a fact, of which, thanks to claret, you are not at present conscious. The truth is, Doctor, you are dead—dead and buried, and devil a thing but the true *Pierian* will ever bring you to life—make you open, and rub your eyes—stare about you, and ask where did you come from? and if you have a friend near you at the time, he'll tell you the truth, and say—from the cold and lifeless land of claret. Then you will find yourself alive to some purpose. There, too, are the pretty girls—you will become brisk, lively, an enemy to solitude, and fond of a plural life: you will feel your heart warm; a sanctified gallantry will possess you; flesh will come upon you; you will get calves to your legs, which you sadly want; you will marry a wife, and if there was ever a point in bringing you to your senses that the *poteen* failed in, she will repair it; then, sir, you will become a respectable member of society, with a wife and family (a slight groan here proceeded from the Doctor). Then you will have a hearth of your own, the agreeable noise of your children about you (another groan), and you will be a very different man from what you are, which is full cousin to a nonentity—or like a drawn cork from one of your own bottles, light and useless, but smelling strongly of claret. Poteen, sir, will raise the cockles of your heart, and set it a-dancing like an Irishman at a wedding. It will make your very nose curl with kindness towards all your fellow creatures. You will hear nothing but music and harmony whenever you turn. The trees and rivers will sing 'Jig Polthoquo,' 'Kiss my Lady,' and 'the Priest in his Boots,' as you go along. No day will ever be dark to you, no night sorrowful. On the contrary, the sun will look down on you with a grin of good humour, and say, 'that's a man, Doctor!' and the moon will look as loving and complacent as your own sweet heart (a start of something like horror from the Doctor); it will change you from a drone into a trumpet, and in the pulpit you will lull your congregation no more. Now, all this will happen, if you only abandon claret, that makes you both dreary and weary to yourself and others; and take at once to the unbaptised *poteen*. That's the drink, Doctor, that will make you love not only your neighbour, but his whole family, especially if there's e'er a pretty girl among them. Yes, sir, that's what *poteen* will do for you, if you will only pluck up the spirit of an Irishman, and make it your familiar drink."

I need scarcely describe the effect which this impudent lecture to the Doctor had upon the company. Indeed, the greater portion of it had been composed by my schoolmaster O'Shaughran; nor need I dwell upon the mirth and laughter it created: and if anything could add to it, it was the attitude in which the worthy Doctor seemed to pay attention to it. While I was speaking, he sat with his hands clasped before him, and his eyes shut, as if wrapped in the deepest attention, reminding one of the appearance of some of his own congregation, when lulled by the influence of his sermons. When the mirth, however, had ceased, the Squire resumed the point in hand.

"But in the meantime, Doctor, won't you go on with the lad's examination?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Squander—pray excuse me—I beg you will excuse me. Many thanks, my good boy—many thanks for your kind advice, and the warm interest you feel in me: but, as touching the examination at present, I happen to have a small edition of Horace in my pocket. Will you be good enough to translate me this ode?"

"Me, sir!" I replied. "Do you want to insult me? Where, sir, is the crawling school-boy who could not do that? No, sir, I'd scorn to translate such a piece of contemptible facility. Why, sir, you might as well ask me to read you a child's fable, in words of three letters. No, sir, but I'll sing it for you, sing it to the very air to which it was set during the life-time of the author, and sang through the streets of Rome by Ranunculus."

I immediately commenced, and sang *Jam satis teris, &c., &c.*, as we had been in the habit of doing under O'Shaughran, to the comical air of "Cock-a-bendie;" an air which one would almost imagine had been made for it, and which had the company once more in convulsions.

"That's very cleverly done," said the Doctor, "very cleverly done, indeed! a most extraordinary boy—and so utterly free from everything like diffidence!"

"You may swear that, Doctor," said the squire. "Not a doubt of it; if you never uttered Gospel before, you have now."

I then volunteered to translate him a portion of Virgil, which having had by heart, as almost every schoolboy has, I translated into tolerably good English, until I came to the line—*conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant*, when I paused.

"Why don't you proceed, my good youth," said he, "it is very well done—very well done indeed—but why do you pause?"

"Because that's the celebrated sizar's line," I replied, "and I don't wish to profane it by a common translation."

"How is that, my good youth?" said he; "I don't understand you."

"Why, sir," I replied, "you are aware that Kerry is the most classical county in Ireland. Latin is the vernacular language of the schoolboys; wherever you go, you will hear them talking Latin to each other, and singing the odes of Horace as they sit behind the creels upon the horses, while drawing their turf. At every sizarship-examination in Trinity College, I need not tell you, sir, that nineteen out of every twenty of them come from that indoctrinated and classical county. Well, sir, it happened at a sizarship-examination, that the Kerry men were, as usual, twenty to one against their competitors, and when a certain sizar came to the line in question, and went to translate it, he looked comically at the examiner, and said '*conticuere omnes*,' we are all county-Kerry men; which, of course, occasioned great mirth.* The same sizar was John Philpot Curran, who, though not a Kerry-man, would have done credit to the county had he been so."

"Of course the celebrated *poluphthosio thalasses* was not forgotten."

"Doctor," I observed, "that line is not properly understood."

"I think, however, my good youth, that I understand it."

"And how," said I, turning the tables on him, "do you translate *poluphthosio thalasses*?"

"The many-sounding ocean, my good lad."

"No such thing, sir," I replied; "the next time you translate *poluphthosio thalasses*, say, as you ought to do, '*I'm the boy for*

* By pronouncing the word *conticuere* in a certain manner, it certainly sounds very much like county-Kerry. It is told of Curran, but I will not guarantee its authenticity, and has been remembered as a good piece of wit ever since.

the lasses,' and you will render both the line and yourself justice." I believe the very hair stood on the poor Doctor's head at this version, and the inference to be drawn from it.

"I admire the humour," he said, "but I beg to be exempted—that is, if you have no objection, my good lad—from the insinuation. I trust I don't offend you, my good youth; but do, pray, exempt from the insinuation."

Thus closed this extraordinary examination, to the perfect satisfaction of the Squire, who laughed immoderately at my assurance, and said I must be a devilish clever chap to have such a stock of it at my years.

"Come home, to-morrow, Randy," said he, "and we shall put you into fresh feathers; we'll get you a couple of suits of clothes, you young dog, and you can set at once to business."

I then left them, but was followed out by Master Dick, who



RANDY AND MASTER DICK IN THE CELLAR.

made me pay another visit to the cellar; and here want of memory draws a veil over the further occurrences of the night.

I have often reflected since upon the character and position of the good and charitable Doctor. Here was a man of the greatest worth—a man whose life was a series of virtues—practised without one single spark of ostentation or vanity—of the most unaffected piety, and of apostolic simplicity of manners. Wherever there were poverty, disease, contagion, or death, there he was, in the twofold character of Christian minister and philanthropist,—characters that meet, alas! too rarely in the same individual. There he was, to soothe the anguish of the spirit; to sustain it by hope and consolation, and to relieve the pressure of destitution and poverty wherever relief was necessary. This man, so good, so pious, so humane, and so learned, did, nevertheless, in consequence of that one weakness, suffer himself to become a butt for coarse ridicule, and a target for the senseless jests of the profane and profligate—of men, who, along with his only failing, possessed almost every vice of life, and not one of his virtues. Such a person should have married a wife, and entrenched himself within the affections of domestic life. These new relations, and the delightful sympathies arising from the love of his children, would have given him a higher sense of the condition of man, and of the energies necessary to maintain his position with dignity to himself and usefulness to society.

The next morning, according to appointment, I repaired to Castle Squander, and, finding the hall door open, which, indeed, was generally the case, I deliberately entered the dining-room, and, certainly, a curious sight presented itself to me there. In no tap-room in the most profligate slums of a metropolis could one find such an instance of drunken debauchery. About eight or ten persons were lying asleep, some on the carpet, some with their heads on the table; one fellow, the coroner, lay with his head inside a coal-scuttle; another, one of the fox-hunters, had his head upon the coroner's cushion, with one of his spurs against Master Dick's leg, and it was evident that his imagination was leading him another chase, for he gave the view-hallo from time to time, plying the spur, as he did it, against the leg in question, with such vigour that young Squander, whom nothing short of a red-hot poker could have awakened, cursed him, in a drowsy, half-smothered voice, between a snore and a groan, but, at the same time, in terms sufficiently distinct to enable anyone to understand, without difficulty, the geography of the country to which he consigned him. Bottles, glasses, and decanters were there—some shivered, and others with their contents overturned; some of the sleepers had got sick about the stomach during the night, and it is unnecessary to say that the whole scene, presented anything but the *beau ideal* of civilised life.

I left the room without reluctance, as the reader may guess, and proceeding to make inquiries in the kitchen, had there a fresh opportunity of witnessing debauch upon a more mitigated scale. The servants, both male and female, with certainly some exceptions, had not neglected to help themselves with whatever liquor was left by the guests who had fallen asleep. This they looked upon as a regular perquisite, but, as they could not afford to take their rest in the morning, having in charge the domestic business of the family, the consequence was that two-thirds of them scarcely knew what they did or said. A fat man-cook, with bandy legs, his white apron tied about him so tight that it was sunk and dragged into his flesh, which piece of taste, when taken into conjunction with a striped cotton jerkin, that ran to a point behind, gave him a most ludicrous appearance; this fat man-cook, I say, was in high and windy argument with an assistant of the other sex, who was still fatter. The cause of the quarrel appeared to be a fit of jealousy, brought on by drink, against the fatter assistant and one of the stable-boys, who, he insisted, had kissed her upon the lobby.

"It's a lie," she replied; "he did not kiss me on the lobby, he kissed me on the lips, where he ought to kiss me; and now, you dropsical old sausage, I dare you!" she added, fearfully brandishing her ladle over his head. The fat cook quailed; for it seems she was a perfect virago, and maintained a dreadful ascendancy in the kitchen; but he satisfied himself by bestowing on her several fierce and furious glances, that seemed to speak of some deep and terrible purpose that rankled within his injured spirit, and intimated a day of future retribution. Whether this purpose was levelled against herself or the stable-boy, however, the Pythoness on her Tripod could not determine. He left the kitchen, accompanied by a helpless and superannuated bull-dog, as fat and bandy as himself, and who seemed to be in the habit

of supporting him against his opponent; for, on going out along with him, he gave a wheezing growl, and showed his red gums at the she-cook, as a proof that he entered into the quarrel of her antagonist.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, "I defy you both." And up went the huge mangel-wurzel arms, and round, once more, came the fearful ladle with a sweep of conscious power and indignation.

It was enough; the bandy old bull-dog dropped his tail, gave a piteous whine, in apprehension of the expected blow, then, imitating his fat friend, accelerated his pace, and both waddled, with a cowardly scamper, out of the kitchen.

That kitchen, indeed, exhibited a strange scene. All appeared to be wealth, waste, profusion, and extravagance—to which we may add, licentiousness and riot. This was especially the case whenever an entertainment was given at Castle Squander; for on these occasions the spirit of intemperance and debauch spread like an epidemic through the whole family—Mrs. Squander and their only daughter, Emily, excepted. Had I been old enough to reflect upon what I saw at the time, I might have drawn a deep and melancholy moral from it.

Under one of the kitchen tables lay two greasy scullions asleep, one lying over the other like a St. Andrew's Cross. The butler and one of the footmen, it appeared, had fought that morning—nobody could tell why; and, when I entered the kitchen, the former was lying asleep against a table, with his head resting on a greasy napkin, his white apron tucked up, and a bandage round his eye. The footman, more than half drunk, was coquetting with one of the chambermaids, whom he forced out to dance, whilst he himself whistled the music; and every now and then he looked triumphantly towards the butler, shook his fist at him, and then pointed tauntingly to his bandaged eye. Around, loads of the most delicious cold meats—meats that would have relieved many a hungry and miserable family in the neighbourhood, were tossed about like dirt. Tankards of beer, drawn in a spirit of the most wanton waste and abundance, were lying in every direction—the beer stale and no longer fit for use. All the evidences of neglect and carelessness were there. Casks of butter were trowelled about like mortar; and bread, in blue moulded fragments, might be seen lying in basketsful.

Whilst I was observing these things, the housekeeper came in—a young woman of about thirty, rather genteel-looking and well made, but with a complexion a great deal too fiery for one of her age. I understood afterwards that she had been anxious to check this extravagance; but what could one do against so many? And besides, in the course of a few months it was discovered that she and the house-steward became rather intimate—a discovery which rendered it necessary for her to give way, in order to secure their connivance—a principle which operated with equal force upon the steward himself.

After she entered, the huntsman came in—a shrewd, lank, tough old fellow, with parched cheeks and a weather-beaten countenance—to ask for a bottle of whiskey, in order to treat the whipper-in and grooms, together with two or three country friends that were out in the stable loft. This was immediately given to him, but, as his hand was in, instead of one bottle he took two, and went away to do the honours for his friends.

On leaving the kitchen he thrust out his tongue at the housekeeper, when her back was turned, and gave me a wink to follow him, which I did. Whilst passing through the yard I could observe the same evidences of carelessness and neglect in everything about me. But it was almost impossible to hear a single word he said, in consequence of the howling, barking, and baying of two packs of hounds—one of harriers, another of fox-hounds—with pointers, setters, cockers, water spaniels, and retrievers, *ad infinitum*. He pointed out to me a kennel kitchen, with an immense boiler, in which food was prepared for all these animals; and that, too, of the best description. In one end of it stood a dozen sacks of oatmeal, a large bin of potatoes, and a pump for procuring water.

Now it so happened that the year in question was one of severe famine, and I could not help reflecting, even then, that the sum of five pounds, subscribed to the relief fund by Mr. Squander, took a very inhuman shape when associated with the profuse abundance thus lavished in his kennel, whilst so many of his fellow-creatures—nay of his own tenants—were literally perishing for want of food.

On further inquiry, I found that the Squire himself would not make his appearance until about two o'clock, which, after an entertainment, was the usual hour of breakfast. I accordingly returned home, resolved to wait until I could find the family in a proper condition to talk to me upon the subject of my tuition.

At three o'clock I saw the Squire and Master Dick.

"Well, Randy, my boy," said the former; "are you ready to come home?"

"Quite ready, sir; if you have no objection," I replied.

"Well, then," said he, "you shall have thirty pounds a year and your board. You will dine with the steward, and, if you go into Squanderstown, and call upon Shea, the shopkeeper, he will give you a couple of suits of clothes, and tell him to place them to my account; or stay, he may hesitate, without a written order, and my hand is in such a confounded tremor that I can't write. Dick, do you go with him, and that will do as well."

"Certainly, sir," replied Dick, "I will, with pleasure. Didn't he work up Mr. Claret beautifully last night?"

"He did," replied the father, laughing. "Randy, my lad, you must be a devilish clever chap, and I have no doubt but you will get these whelps of mine to make a progress; if you do, though, it's more than any one could ever do before you. Off with you now, and put yourself in decent trim. Do you, Dick, go with him."

"Gad, sir," said Dick, "I can go nowhere till I get a glass of brandy to settle my nerves."

"Get it, then, and be off; you and your brothers are losing your time."

Another visit to the cellar, which, I found, subsequently, was Master Dick's favourite haunt, set both himself and your humble servant pretty well on our props: he was a brandy man, but I stuck, like truth, to the true *Pierian*. I shall not enter into detail as to the bargains we made with the mercer; it is enough to say, that the worthy man, to whom a large bill was already due, charged us double price for everything we purchased. The cloth was sent to their family tailor, who took my measure, and promised to have them ready in a few days. It is sufficient to say that, within a week, I was located as an inmate of Castle Squander—in the responsible capacity of private tutor and director to the young gentlemen—an equally strong proof of Mr. Squander's judgment and my qualifications.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE NEEDLE'S EXCELLENCY.

JOHN TAYLOR wrote a book called, "The Needle's Excellency," in which are some poems addressed to the stitching ladies of quality. It appears that there were several sorts of stitching, now obsolete; for instance, there was

"Tent-work, raised-work, laid-work, frost-work, net-work, Most curious pearls, or rare Italian cut-work. Fine fern-stitch, finny-stitch, new-stitch, and chain-stitch, Bravebred-stitch, fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, and Queen-stitch, The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch, and maw-stitch, The smartingwhip-stitch, back-stitch, and the cross-stitch."

The book is scarce, and the above extract is found in Sir E. Brydges's "Restituta."

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN, AN OXFORD FRESHMAN.—BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.—PART II.



13.—Mr. Green, Sen., having put himself under the direction of a Guide, visits the exterior of Christ Church; "Built by Cardinal Hoolsey, four hundred feet long, and the famous Tom Tower, which tolls one undred an wun hevery night,"



14.—And having, under the guidance of the same gentleman, done "the Alls, Collidges, and principal edifices, in a nouri an a aff," Mr. Green takes back to Warwickshire a slightly confused impression of Oxford.



15.—Mr. Green being anxious to see his Son in his cap and gown, they proceed to an academical robe-maker's, and are mutually gratified with the result;



16.—And leaves Oxford, after an impressive scene with his Son, whom he embraces in the manner of the heavy fathers of the stage.



17.—Mr. Verdant Green returns to his rooms at St. Boniface's College. He feels rather lonely, and wishes the German band in the street would play any other tune than "Home, sweet Home."



18.—Mr. Verdant Green finds his bed-room inconveniently small.



19.—Mr. Verdant Green sits down to breakfast, and feels great awe of his Scout, who speedily lets him know the meaning of "perquisites."—"Put away them bits o' things as is left, sir! The gentlemen never likes that done here, sir." Mr. Verdant Green murmurs the words "ignorance—custom—university," and tries to look as if he wasn't blushing.



20.—But manages to dress in time for Chapel, where the markers of the chapel-list take mental daguerreotypes of his personal appearance.



21.—In Chapel Mr. Green is much surprised at his neighbour getting up his lecture, instead of reading the lesson; and is disgusted at the use made of his streamers.



22.—To divert his thoughts, he goes out for a stroll, and purchases a light cane to add to his appearance.



23.—Thus equipped, and impressed with the idea that his cap and gown are exceedingly becoming, he promenades in the Christ Church meadows, to the infinite amusement of several young ladies,



24.—And great alarm of many babies. Mr. Verdant Green retires to rest with the feeling that he has made a sensation.



25.—Mr. Verdant Green finds Mr. Larkyns, and his friend, Mr. Smalls, of Brazenface, at a late breakfast, composed chiefly of beer-cup and tobacco. As Mr. Green has not on his cap and gown, but, like Hamlet's uncle, "wears his beaver," Mr. Larkyns at first disclaims his own identity, but upon being assured that Mr. Green is not a dun, confesses to be the individual to whom the letter of introduction is addressed.